The SPHERE

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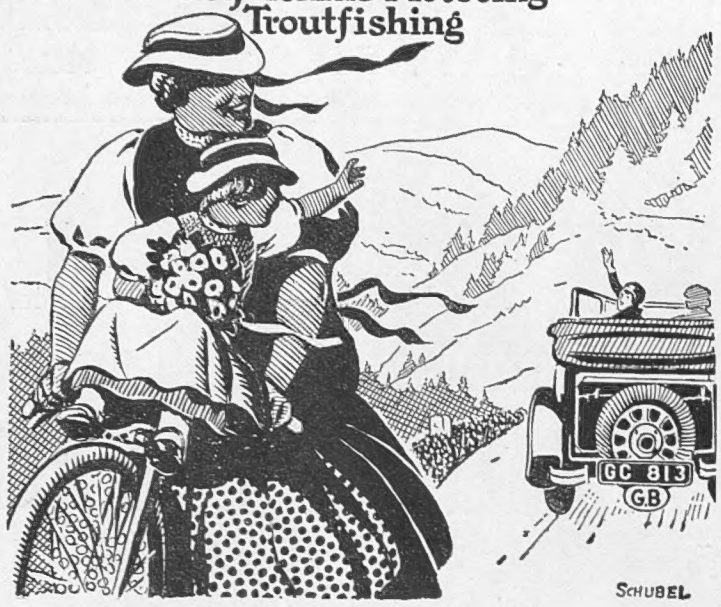

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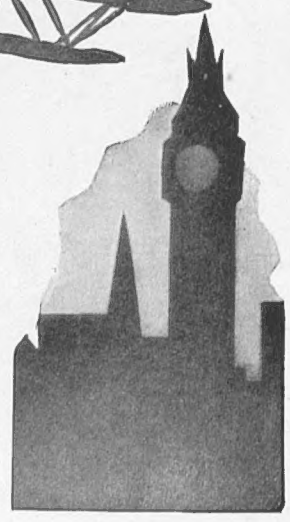

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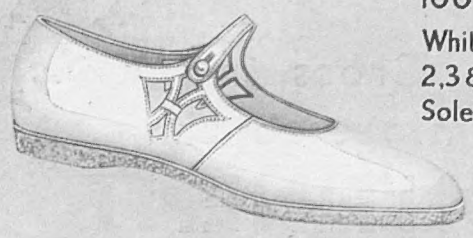

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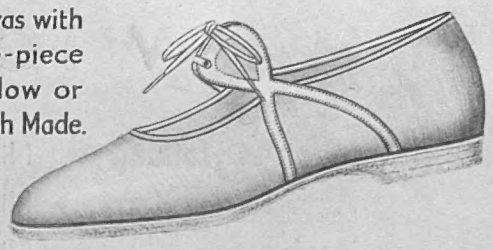

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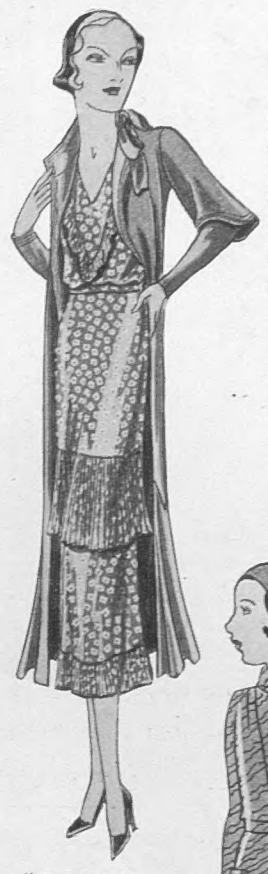
"Alleyne" (*right*). A distinctive Dress and sleeveless Coatee in a novelty check material. With small pleats in skirt to allow full freedom of movement. Piqué is used for piping at neck and cuffs. In brown/white, black/white or navy/white. Three small sizes.
7½ gns.

"Alleyne"



"Hollywood"

"Hollywood" (*left*). An attractive Two-piece Suit. The coatee is in Wool Georgette showing the new low flare and sleeves. Finished with self material bow at neck. Lined throughout with fancy San Toy Crêpe to match the dress trimmed with fine pleating and with short sleeves. In all new Spring colourings, including cherry, blue, green, black or beige. Three small sizes.
7 gns.

"Olive"

"Olive" (*left*). A useful street Frock in Wool Georgette, trimmed with silk piqué. In blue, red, beige, green, navy or black. In three small sizes.
4½ gns.

"Sammy" (*right*). Ideal for sports wear, this Cardigan, Scarf and Skirt are made in a pretty range of Tweeds. In lime green, yellow, beige or powder blue. Three small sizes.
3 gns.

To make a complete outfit, a belted coat cut on straight lines may be obtained to match. Lined Celanese.
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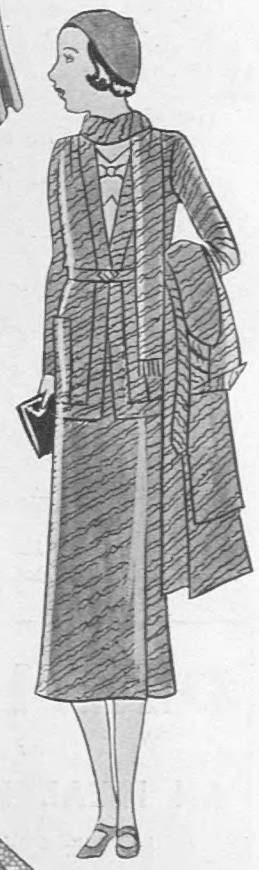

"Sammy"

"Jinnex"

"Jinnex" (*right*). This very effective Wrap Coat, a copy of a model, is made in Romaine, with soft becoming revers and sleeves trimmed in contrasting colour. Lined crêpe-de-chine. In black, brown, beige, lido or green. Three small sizes.
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"Kiki"

"Kiki" (*left*). Designed in a wonderful range of fancy San Toy Crêpes, this charming sleeveless Dress and coatee is trimmed with fine pleating to match. In three small sizes.
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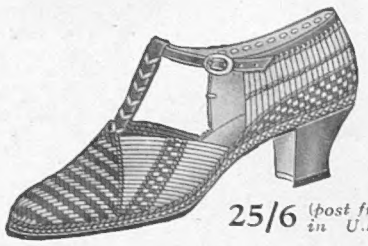

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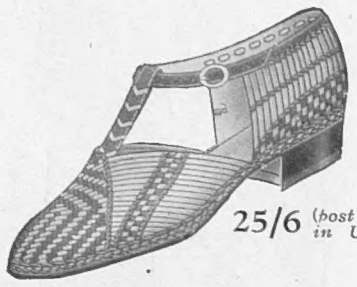

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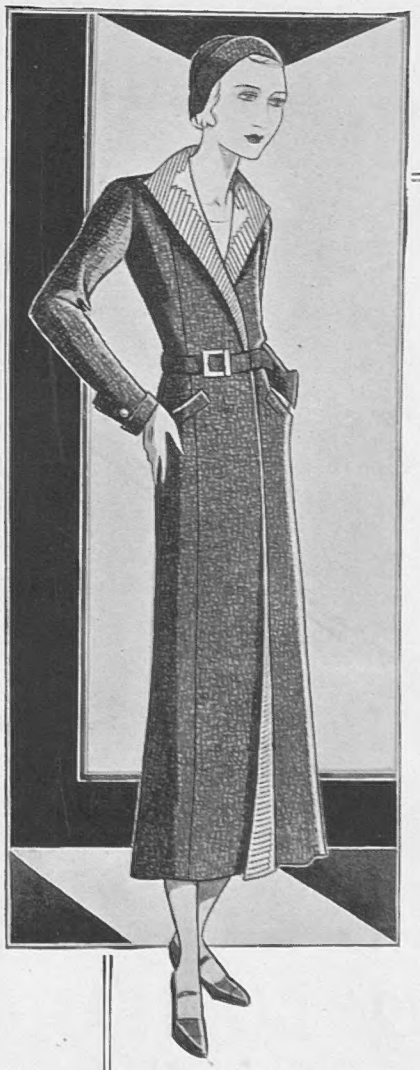

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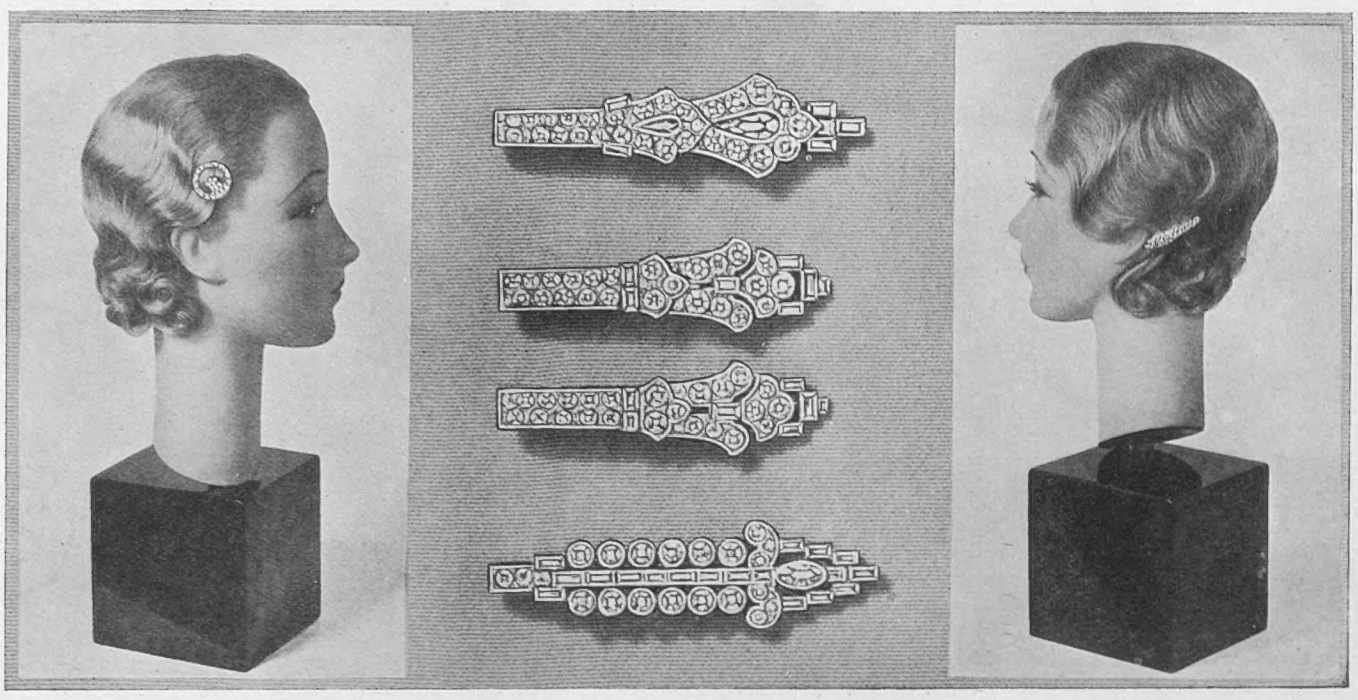

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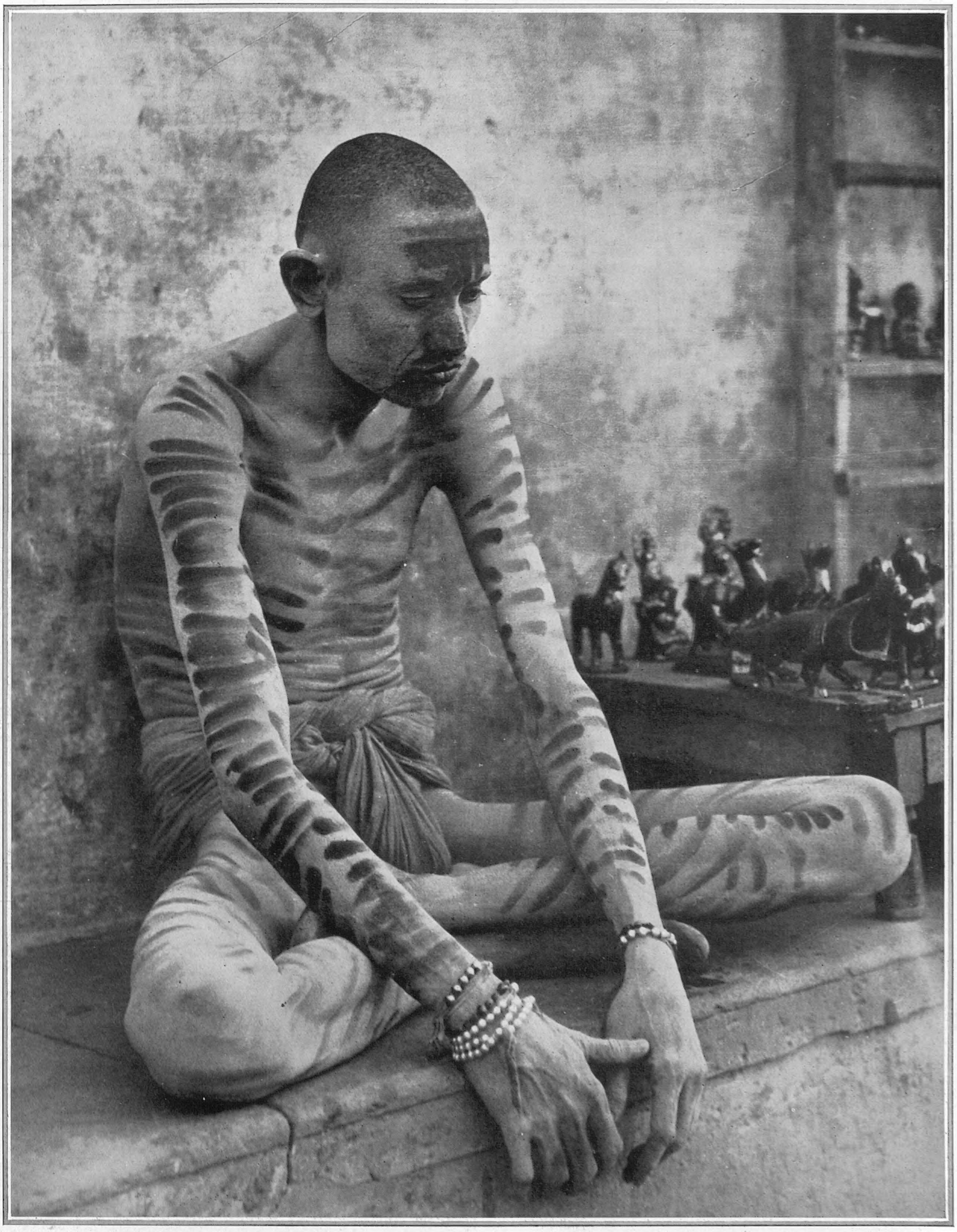


A Sadhu of Benares covered with vermilion stripes

Ewing Galloway

The IDEAL OF GANDHI

Who Last Week Declared his Opposition to Christianity

The indiscreet, but very welcome, divulgation last week of the religious policy to be assumed by the Gandhi-ites, if and when *Swaraj* is achieved, must have shocked those elements in England which have regarded the aspirations of the Hindu nationalists as akin to Christian socialism, and the Mahatma as a figure worthy to be included in Christian hagiology. It is now clear that the whole hideous Hindu system, with its 60,000,000 "Untouchables," its fakirs, its sensual practices, and its insane asceticism, would be maintained in India by force; and the progressive humanity of Christendom is to be replaced by the stagnation and injustice of the Brahmin caste.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 29, 1931

The Prince.—The Prince of Wales is home again, and peculiarly sweet must have been his first sight of Royal Windsor in its new glory of Spring. Pleasant also must be his reflections just now. For he is fully aware that he has succeeded supremely well in a great undertaking which his own initiative, patriotism and good sense largely planned, and his own genius and charm brought to a triumphant conclusion. The Prince has carried out many important embassies, and brought off a number of "scoops." But it is safe to say that none of his tours and none of his triumphs have so impressed themselves on the public as this last. Trade is our life blood, and the nation was sinking from loss of blood. The Prince—it is no fantastic simile—in the nick of time offered himself as a subject for transfusion. And his sacrifice has had wonderful results. He has brought back hope to the invalid. His good service falls apropos in another way. "This king business" is very much on the tapis again. Once more the knell has sounded for the old style monarchies. The countries of Europe, if their political evolution is largely the result of reaction and desire for change, show unmistakably that they have no use for royal families who remain little in touch with the life and needs of the masses and who still regard personal interference in politics as their prerogative and *métier*. How little relation the practice and policy of our Royal House bears to the ancient tradition of monarchy, our present King and his Heir Apparent prove every day. The symbol which binds and holds our Empire is the liveliest and most efficient, the most up-to-date and democratic institution of which we can boast.

THE G.O.M. OF THE BAR: Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., who died at the age of ninety on Sunday last. One of the most famous and eloquent of counsel, he was known also for his strict devotion to the low Church. Sir Edward, who is seen above in the characteristic, almost inevitable grey frock-coat he affected, leaves a son almost as famous as himself, Sir Percival Clarke, K.C., Senior Counsel for the Treasury at the Old Bailey

A Courageous Report.—The Weir-Wedgwood-McLintock Report on railway electrification is the result of eighteen months' organization and hard work by three notable experts and leaders in the business world. At the moment it is too gigantic a plan and at the same time too remote from practical accomplishment to demand detailed consideration by the public. It will be an affair of experts for months to come. The broad basis of the scheme is the gradual electrification of the whole national railway system. It is estimated that the main line systems could be thus rationalized in twenty years at a cost of £250,000,000 and that the whole scheme would be accomplished in forty years at a cost of £400,000,000. The National Grid would supply direct all the current required. This magnificently courageous effort to cure our ills by looking far ahead will in due course be considered by expert committees of the railways. Two vital questions leap first to the eye. The railways are to-day in no posture—acting jointly or severally—to raise a further £400,000,000 of capital. State assistance could hardly fail to lead to State control. The report is a grand attempt to plan the rationalization of a decaying industry. Rationalization ultimately implies a saving in human labour. The process of rationalization reduces unemployment. Its accomplishment—for a considerable period at least—increases unemployment. The word is suspect with trade unions.

May Day.—This, if my calculations are right, is the May Day issue of THE SPHERE. It ought to warm my heart (if not my feet) to write this icy April day about cricket and Maypoles on the Greens and mischievous little choir boys singing like angels at dawn on Magdalen Tower. But it doesn't. April this year has broken my heart, and it will be some time before my temperature moves up again. The latest Spring on record is making amends at last, the blackthorn winter is I hope behind us, although Buchan will butt in again quite soon, depend on it. Cricket *has* begun though the players look more like Arctic explorers, Burlington House is ready to the last catalogue, the chairmen of the Pall Mall clubs are word perfect in their annual speeches, Covent Garden has opened brilliantly, Mayfair and Belgravia are gay with tulips and clean curtains, the lawns of Ranelagh and Hurlingham are rolled and mown, racing is in full swing. The stage is set, the curtain is gone up on The London Season, 1931.

A Childish Clause.—The Committee stage of the Representation of the People Bill used up much time last week. The debate on the vehicles clause exactly followed the pattern of a school debating society. It merited no higher flight. For here is the best illustration possible of the present method of drafting bills, on the principle of including everything that could possibly appeal to supporters of all types in the hope of pulling something out in the nets. The Government's defence of this clause was a confession that the Bill was hastily and loosely drafted and that no efforts had been made to consider the absurd implications of the terms employed. To the tub-thumper, a motor-car is synonymous with unearned riches, because it was so in the year 1906. The tub-thumper has no time or inclination to observe the Bank Holiday motor traffic streaming out of London in the year of grace 1931. The motor-car is the most democratic of vehicles, but it so happens that Conservatives and Liberals at election time can rely on a greater proportion of public-spirited individuals to lend their cars. I have never for one moment believed that the offer of a lift in a motor-car on polling day influenced the vote of the passenger. Polling day offers a golden opportunity for the confirmed Communist to exchange a second-hand Ford for a Rolls, an opportunity which he very wisely snatches. The vehicles clause as drafted is an example of childish ignorance of facts and of waste of public time. It will have one effect and one only—to reduce by 30 per cent. the proportion of votes cast to registered voters in any country constituency, irrespective of party. And I prophesy that the reduction will be heaviest in the party whose supporters have least initiative.

Air Vice-Marshal Holt.—The tragic death of Air Vice-Marshal Holt at an early age while occupying an important position in the Air Service gave me a more personal sorrow than would ordinarily the death of a valuable officer. His published photograph vividly recalled to me the first day at my private school. Felton Vesey Holt and I, with two others, both of whom were killed in the War, formed the new entry at a private school called St. Neot's, at Eversley, in the autumn term of 1895. The school still vigorously survives and so do my memories of it. It is astonishing how little change I observe in the face of the Air Vice-Marshal from the face of the little boy of my memories. A shy, silent, untidy little boy with a will of his own and mysterious occupations which invited no inquiries and sought no partnership. In those days he was not good at games and gave the impression that there were more important matters that required his attention. How often the boys that succeed in life are cut on this pattern and make little mark at school. Felton Holt had at least two brothers at St. Neot's, so that for a decade a Vesey Holt was an institution there. I recollect that I was the involuntary cause of his getting a thrashing. He had his revenge in the race of life. How curious it is that I should have forgotten so much, and yet recall so vividly the smell of the swimming bath and of the pine needles there, the atmosphere of the "gym," and the noises in the school carpenter's shop after thirty-five years so full of incident.

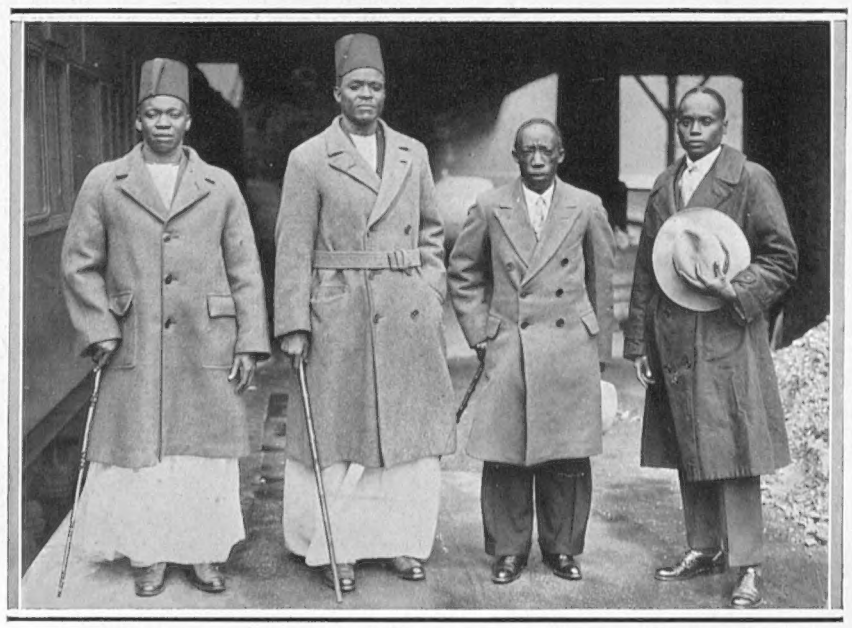
A Confession of Failure.—About a century ago the finest transport service ever yet seen on land found itself faced with a serious competitor—the new devil's kettle on wheels. The magnificent road system in England was still quite a modern institution when the railways came to challenge road transport. Fifty years before that freight and luggage travelled no faster than one mile an hour. The railways came and conquered without mercy, and confident that they had smashed the turnpike roads into country lanes once more, never thought to ask Parliament for road transport powers. The railways became a monopoly, and like every monopoly under the sun grew tyrannical, and cared little to woo the travelling public. For years they treated us like live-stock and penned us in slow-moving pens. And now they raise an exceeding bitter cry. And indeed it seems incongruous, almost incredible, that the proud railway companies should now seriously propose to the Traffic Commissioners that their road rivals should be forced to raise fares to the public in order to equalize competition. It is not entirely a confession of failure and lack of vision, but it is so in part. In part, it is the poetic justice of evolution. The private motor car is no longer the perquisite of the rich. Every class is a constant user of the roads, and I have not a doubt that if the railways could supply the amenities of travel which the motor-coach and charabanc have with infinite pains evolved, we should selfishly be glad to have the roads clear once more. But the railways have so far given little indication of their ability to do so. I hate the motor-coach when I am driving a car, but I infinitely prefer it to a 3rd class carriage on short-distance journeys.

Imperial Palace.—I mingled with the huge throng on the second of what may be called the free nights at the new Dorchester Hotel. I was among the last guests to dance at the old Dorchester House, already half dismantled; and I watched the dancers in the new hotel, not yet furnished to the last ash-tray. The first familiar face I saw was that of Charles, the wizard of Claridges, who has transferred his genius to this new venture. The second, Percy Chapman's. And then, determined to use my eyes for once, I was hurried away to inspect every nook and cranny by a highly-favoured personage. The thing that instantly strikes the eye is the lighting of this wonderful place. It is the unstudied effect of a fine April morning. There is not a hint of electrical devices. It is just jolly daylight. Next, one remarks the happy results that come from the effect of low ceilings. It is well-observed in the foyer where the low surrounding galleries give a restful sense of "country house," and the shallow broad staircases leading off the corridors carry on this admirable idea. Then one is compelled to admiration of the Spanish Grill, and highly intrigued by the Sherry Bar. We sank to the ladies' Turkish Bath—words failed us. And then the gilded "rapide" shot us up to the fifth floor. How Arnold Bennett would have delighted in it all! His eye would have noted a score of new devices.

Gadgets.—I must "make do" with the following humble harvest of concentration and observation. The suites are not unalterably self-contained. They are portmanteaux. You can lock or unlock to produce a suite for one or a suite for an Imperial family. Every cupboard as it opens switches on a light. The tiled bathrooms in jade and blue and ivory reveal a tiled recess in the wall to contain soap, and this recess also provides a grip to enable the bather to rise—two simple devices which we have long desired. Everywhere the ceilings are low and in decent imitation of good period moulding. In the Royal (already known as the Spanish Royal) suite there is pickled linen panelling, great Tudor fireplaces, and a thoughtful selection of Medici old masters. A room to rest in. In the bedrooms the furniture is charming, painted flowers on cream. And here we observed to our credit another "long felt want." The eiderdowns are provided with a slip at each end long enough to tuck in below the mattress. No more shivering awakenings at dawn. Not that one felt like shivering. The heat of those rooms was *goût Américain!* As I turned to go, a small page boy insisted on my noting the bedside telephone. Three buttons, illustrated with life-like pictures of chambermaid, valet, and waiter! It was as good as a play, far better value than most.

Anticipations by Wells.—Mr. H. G. Wells, opening an exhibition last week at the R.I.B.A., indulged in a prophecy which will be encouraging to architects. The age of architecture is dawning, and in the world that is coming the architect will be the most significant of men. Towns will rebuild themselves periodically just as now a man goes regularly to his tailor for a new suit of clothes. The old house, like the old suit, is unhygienic and degrading, and is of no assistance in reducing unemployment. Therefore it must go, and Lutyens and Co. must replace it with an affair of vita glass, concrete, tiled bathrooms, and rounded corners. I wish that our wisest prophets could possess a sense of the past and some belief in the value of traditions. The logical outcome of Mr. Wells' new Utopia—which he prefers to call practical necessity—is irresistible and to me unpalatable. Thousands a year are spent in employing skilled labour to keep the roofs on Hatfield and Knole and other glories of our land, enshrining as they do the history of England and English genius and the traditions of four centuries. But they are unhygienic and they must go, and labour-saving villas approved by the Ministry of Health must take their places—to benefit unemployment!

THE OLD STAGER.



UGANDA IN LONDON: Serewana Kululya, Samusoni Bazongere, Kosiya Labowni, and Zirabamuzale, the four chiefs from the Protectorate of Uganda who have come to London *via* Paris to give evidence before the Joint Select Committee appointed to consider the question of closer union with East Africa

MAINLY SOCIETY

Three Weddings in London: Practising for the Courts

UNDER AN ARCH OF SWORDS: Lord Stavordale, the elder son and heir of the Earl of Ilchester, with Miss Ellen Elizabeth Ward, daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward and the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward, at their marriage at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The guard of honour was provided by the Horse Guards Blue. Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward was a son of the Earl of Dudley. Above on left—IN THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: Mr. Christopher Jeffreys, Grenadier Guards, and Lady Rosemary Agar, youngest daughter of the Earl of Normanton, after their wedding last week at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

THE BRIDESMAIDS at the wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, of Mr. Peter Lockwood Smith-Dorrien, son of the late General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and Lady Smith-Dorrien, and Miss Bridget E. Liddell, daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Liddell

THE DEBUTANTES' LESSON: Those who are to be presented at the Courts this year are busy practising the correct demeanour both in gait and movement at many dancing salons. The Court curtsey always takes a deal of acquiring. The group above is seen at the school of dancing of Miss Muriel Simmons, Stratford Place

HUMOURS *of the* 1931 CENSUS

AT THE LAST MINUTE: "Baby Clara," who just succeeaed in being included in the 1931 Census. She was born in Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital at 11.59 on Sunday night and was entered on the list at the request of her mother. The great enrolment has already been provocative of many jests in the comic papers and on the music-halls

WATER GYPSIES IN THE POOL: A bargee and his family cope with the Census form. Special instructions were printed dealing with those born afloat. On left—WORK FOR THE ENUMERATOR: A Census official copes with a large family

CENSUS AT THE GROSVENOR HOUSE HOTEL: A page boy delivering forms to visitors. 40,000 persons were employed in this collection of these statistics. The cost of the Census is estimated at just short of a quarter of a million

"TAKING THE COUNT"! A scene at the Park Royal Hospital, Willesden—an incident to be seen in many such institutions last Sunday when the Census forms were filled up. One baby, at Queen Charlotte's, "missed the boat" by a few seconds, being born at 12.0.30 a.m.! He will therefore not figure on the list until 1936—for it is to be held every five instead of every ten years in future

The PRINCE of WALES FLIES HOME

OVER THE THAMES: The Prince of Wales and his brother, Prince George, returned from their tour in Latin America last Wednesday. From Paris they travelled by the Imperial Airways liner, City of Glasgow, landing on Smith's Lawn in the grounds of Windsor Castle

THE LANDING: The City of Glasgow, with its Royal passengers, swooping to earth on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Park. The Prince was in the cockpit next to the pilot, Captain Gordon Olley

THE WELCOME: The Prince caught by the camera immediately after the City of Glasgow landed. In the group is the Duke of York

The last lap of an 18,000-mile voyage was made by air when the Prince of Wales and Prince George flew home from Paris last Wednesday. The tour of the South Americas was notable for its effect upon Anglo-Latin-American relations generally, and the opening of the British Trade Exhibition in Buenos Aires by the Heir to the Throne. The trip in the *City of Glasgow* was by no means an ideal one, but T.R.H. seemed to make light of it. The King (who still keeps his room under doctors' orders) received his sons immediately they arrived

GEMS *from the*

A First Impression of the Exhibitio

"Love and Beauty," by Ernest Proctor

"Mrs. John Robinson," by Whitney Smith

"Young Womanhood," by G. L. Brockhurst, A.R.A.

"The Squire," by Frederick Elwell, A.R.A.

The Royal Academy Private View took place yesterday (Friday) to which all London, social and artistic was taken. Here we give a p

ACADEMY

pening Next Monday

"John the Baptist," by A. G. Walker, A.R.A.

On right—

"Landlord of the Chequers," by J. K. Kirby

"Seymour Hicks," by M. F. Codner

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"Girl's Head," by Anna K. Zinkeisen

of the salient pictures of this year's exhibition. An extended pictorial survey of the galleries will appear in "The Sphere" of next week.

IN MOURNING: The Infantas Christina and Beatriz and the Infante Don Juan leave the nursing home in Paris where the King's aunt, the Infanta Isabella, died after leaving Republican Madrid

HOME AGAIN: H.R.H. the Prince of Wales practising his golf on board the *Arlanza* en route for England

MR. SNOWDEN DIVES INTO HIS OWN POCKET: The Chancellor *en route* to deliver the Budget speech at the House. The Budget is a masterpiece of procrastination

MASTER AND PUPIL: The Prince of Wales kept fit and improved his skill at his favourite game on his homeward journey from his triumphal South American tour. He practised his golf on the deck of the R.M.S.P. *Arlanza* during the homeward voyage under the tuition of the Argentine champion, José Jurada. The Prince arrived home on Wednesday. The prince is wearing the the type of béret he has popularized

The DRINKING CUP of ST. THOMAS à BECKET

To be Sold in London on May 12

On Tuesday, May 12, there is to be sold in the famous Christie sale-rooms a drinking vessel which may very well be the personal cup of Thomas à Becket, the famous saint of Canterbury. At first glance its appearance would give it a much later date—that is owing to the setting in which the original cup is enshrined. Expert opinion varies as to the origin of the cup, but those who are of opinion that the initials, TB, stand for those of the great archbishop have the notable fact that in the will of Sir Edward Howard, who died in 1513, he bequeaths the cup to his queen in the following terse sentence—"To the Queen's grace, St. Thomas' cup."

Mr. W. W. Watts, formerly Keeper of the Department of Metalwork, Victoria and Albert Museum, writes as follows regarding the history of the Cup.—"This superb object has always been known as the 'Thomas à Becket Cup' or the 'Howard Grace Cup.' The initials TB which, together with a mitre, are engraved on a silver band fixed on the ivory cover, have been taken to be the initials of the great statesman and archbishop who was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral in the year 1170. The mounts bear the London hall-marks for 1525–6 and a maker's mark, which Sir Charles Jackson, in *English Goldsmiths and their Marks*, defines as three implements crossed. What reasons are there for associating this vessel with the ill-fated prelate? Mr. Wilfrid Cripps, in the many editions of *Old English Plate*, remarks, 'Mr. French, in his *Descriptive Catalogue of the Art Treasures*, collected many years ago in Ironmonger's Hall, which included this beautiful cup, gives a list of all the fifteenth-century bishops whose initials were TB, to one or other of whom he thought it might have belonged.' Mr. G. R. French, in the catalogue of this exhibition held in 1861, adds, 'part may belong to the middle of the fifteenth century.' Sir Charles Jackson, in his *History of English Plate*, dismisses the Thomas à Becket story and states that 'the initials TB accompanying the mitre have no reference to any bishop, but are probably those of a member of the Berkeley family, whose crest was a mitre.' Mr. Starkie Gardner, writing in the catalogue of the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition in 1901, when this cup was shown, mentions 'a mitre and the initials TB bound by a knotted cable, the crest and initials of Thomas Berkeley.' Miss Agnes Strickland, in *The Lives of the Queens of England* (vol. I, p. 178), misunderstanding the marks on the mounts of the cup, makes the fanciful suggestion that 'in compliment to his consort Eleanora, Henry II adopted for his plate mark the Cross of Aquitaine, with the addition of his initial H. An instance of this curious fact is still to be seen in the Grace Cup of Thomas à Becket.' An illustration of the cup in H. D. Traill's *Social England* (vol. I, p. 393) is entitled 'Thomas Becket's Grace Cup.'

THE THOMAS A BECKET OR HOWARD GRACE CUP

"How far does the evidence of the vessel itself lead us? The cup is of ivory and is complete with its lid, also of ivory. It resembles in form the so-called *font-shaped* cups, existing examples of which date from round about the year 1500; but whereas the latter are usually quite shallow this cup has a deep bowl. Ivory must have been a rare substance for such vessels, as no record of this material for cups is found in wills. The Cup is raised high on a double foot of extreme magnificence, in which is seen a combinatiou of Gothic and Renaissance design; the lofty finial of the cover is surmounted by a group of St. George and the Dragon. The vessel would have been complete and of harmonious proportions without the lower part of the foot and the upper part of the lid, and it may have originally been mounted in this form. The superb mounting of silver-gilt with enrichment of precious stones seems to prove that the cup was considered of outstanding importance, and to suggest that it was henceforth not so much an object for use as for admiration and perhaps veneration. Other font-shaped cups of the period are simple and plain in comparison, even the beautiful Cressener Cup and Cover of 1503 in the possession of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, or the Cup of 1500, formerly in the Swaythling Collection and now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

"As to its ownership at the beginning of the sixteenth century, four of the authorities already mentioned—Mr. G. R. French, Mr. Wilfrid Cripps, Sir Charles Jackson, and Miss Strickland—are in agreement that it was presented or bequeathed to Queen Catherine of Aragon, the first wife of Henry VIII, by Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral, who perished in a naval battle in 1513. Mr. Starkie Gardner, however, whose ability in the matter of research is generally recognized, states that 'the owner of this cup was knighted for services in the North in 1513 and became Baron Berkeley in 1523, dying 1532–3.' He apparently had not seen the clause in the will of Sir Edward Howard to which we shall now refer. The will of Sir Edward Howard includes an illuminating note on the subject of this cup. In the year 1826 Sir N. H. Nicholas published his *Testamenta Vetusta*, a mine of interesting and instructive information to the student and connoisseur. In the will of Sir Edward Howard appears the curt but significant item, 'To the Queen's Grace St. Thomas' Cup.' It is clear, therefore, that at that period there was in existence a cup known as St. Thomas' Cup, which the Admiral bequeathed to Queen Catherine believing in all sincerity that it once belonged to the celebrated Archbishop of Canterbury. Thomas à Becket, following the custom of medieval days, would have possessed a drinking-cup reserved for his own exclusive use."

A MOTHER *of* ROME

The Pompeii Statue of Livia Imperatrix

A MOTHER OF IMPERIAL ROME: Livia, the wife of Tiberius Claudius Nero and the mother of the Emperor Tiberius. She was yielded by her complaisant husband, who had married her at the age of fifteen, to the (then) Triumvir, Octavianus. Her son was later adopted by Cæsar Augustus and succeeded to the purple

The finding of the most remarkable statue yet discovered in the ruined city of Pompeii occurred but a few months ago. It was unearthed by Professor Amadeo Maiuri, Keeper of the Naples Museum, in the famous Villa of the Dionysiac Mysteries which derives its name from the wall paintings depicting the rites of Bacchic initiation. It is conjectured that the finding of the statue in the once Dionysian Temple gives grounds for the belief that the place once belonged to the Cæsars. The portrait in stone is still tinted—the lips being carmine, the eyes dark brown, and the hair and eyebrows russet. The head is a separate work affixed to a body (possibly that of a priestess or goddess) in sacerdotal dress. It is believed Livia became a religious on the death and deification of Augustus, her second husband. The statue has now been cleaned and set up as shown here

FULL FACE: A close-up study of the remarkable tinted statue of Livia recently unearthed in Pompeii

PROFILE: The unexpected side-view of the portrait in stone of Livia, mother of Tiberius, unearthed last year at Pompeii. The full face (seen above) is comparatively conventional, while the profile is full of character and individuality. The marble folds of the draperies fall with classic simplicity

BLÜMLISALPHORN: We are looking due south at the ridge, 12,040 ft. In left foreground is a vast slip-fissure at the head of the névé, and to right are bergschrunds, *i.e., profound vertical crevasses between the snow-ice and the hidden rock wall*

THE EBNEFLUH: The great rock-wave in the foreground includes the Ebnefluh. Away to the left, this wave is crested by the Wetterhorn, Eiger, Monch, and Jungfrau. The dark middle-distance peaks on left are the Fiescherhorner. Over the smooth saddle on left is the great Aletsch Glacier

DOLDENHORN: On the Doldenhorn, the central mountain in the foreground, is a N.W. rock-rib submerged beneath a huge snow-arête or edge—a route for ascent. On left (foreground) is head of the Dolden Glacier. Behind Doldenhorn rises the Bietschorn towering to 12,970 ft.

These pictures were taken from an aeroplane in flight—at between 11,000 and 14,000 feet—while passing above, or alongside, the crests of two of the series of gigantic rock-waves that compose the Bernese Alps in Switzerland. On the crests of these enormous, savagely worn and denuded foldings and over-foldings, those portions that have been most resistant (during past æons) to the action of sun, frost, snow, avalanche and torrent, now form the great mountain peaks. By mid-April the snow is at greatest depth. In September it has thinned considerably; but October sees the new snow piling up again. Falling on peaks and precipitous slopes it creeps and avalanches ever downwards—by pressure becoming *névé*, then ice, and then glacier and filling the deep valleys permanently with ice to a thickness of a thousand feet. This ever flows on, at an invisible speed of one to three feet a day—crevassing and re-congealing over the uneven, rocky bed. Such is the material basis of the lovely scenery and ethereal majesty of the high Alps. Like the tides and the new swept shores, each frequent snowstorm reclothes the mountains with purity and shining, dangerous beauty. So great is the scale of these remarkable aerial Alpine pictures, that even in the foreground of these pictures a group of climbers would be visible only under a magnifying glass.

THE SUNLIT ALPS IN MARCH SEEN FROM THE AIR

BOMBAY AFTER THE "PEACE": On the Mend, but by no Means Well

The Rioting in the Third City of the Empire has Given Place to "A Sweeter Atmosphere," in Lord Irwin's Historic Phrase on the Eve of his Leaving India. The Prevalent Trend of Sympathy and Belief by British Journalists in Bombay is Sketched and Given Verbatim in the following Article by a Correspondent on the Staff of The Times of India

By STANLEY JEPSON

"And has Bombay settled down yet?"

We in the one-time second city of the British Empire—it is now the third after this year's census—receive this question from friends in Britain as well as from other parts of India. Now that the Congress has accepted the Irwin-Gandhi peace agreement, Bombay *has* settled down. Bombay is no longer on the simmer, every day dangerously near over-boiling point; but the fire which caused the bubbles is still there, though there is less fuel.

It is safe to predict that any future breakdown in negotiations would see a recurrence of Bombay's unhappy state. Students with catchy slogans but little enough real political knowledge, young Indian women in yellow cotton saris which hide brave little hearts burning with enthusiasm for the Motherland, thousands of "demobilized" Congress volunteers with nothing to do nowadays—these and others have learnt how to demonstrate with effect. If they are satisfied with the future India constitution as the *purna swaraj* of Mr. Gandhi's dreams, then nothing will convince them that this has not been obtained mainly through their processions, demonstrations, clashes with the wonderfully loyal police, imprisonments, etc. If they are dissatisfied they will begin all over again. The Congress Free Hospital is empty, but well endowed with funds. The one restraining force is the almost incredible popularity of their dictator, Mahatma Gandhi.

The daily meetings on the *maidan*, with dozens of flags and serried ranks of white-capped, white-clothed squatting men, have ceased. There are a few processions now and again, but the sickening clashes between the forces of law and order and the advocates of "non-violence" have also ceased.

Strange as it may seem to the advocates of a strong rule in India, the Government of Bombay recently tried gentler methods with considerable success. A crowd of *Desh Sevikas* or women volunteers has gathered to picket that Government auction of country liquor licences. A posse of police and their "Black Maria" van arrive. Then the Congress ambulance arrives and a crowd collects to see the usual clash. It is announced that the auction has been postponed and tenders will be received by post for the licences. The police, the women, crowd, and ambulance all go home, and the Congress lose the publicity of ugly scenes and the clanging bell of their ambulance dashing along Queen's Road with a wounded man or two plainly visible inside.

Another crowd collects to salute the Congress tricolour—in reality it is the flag of Bulgaria! The leaders are arrested wholesale and there is no charge; the crowd goes home. This may not be in accordance with the ideas of people at home who believe in the British bulldog spirit, but if these good people studied Indian history they might see that the most successful past administrations in various parts of this vast sub-continent have been *thandi daulat*—otherwise a soft, but generous and very firm rule. The man who has learnt the secret of controlling children or horses with kindness and firmness makes an admired ruler in the Orient.

The Popularity of Khadi.

Khadi is homespun cloth, and Mr. Gandhi insists on it because he believes the Indian agriculturist, who forms over 70 per cent. of these 350,000,000, needs a spare time cottage industry to fill in his ample leisure and add to his meagre earnings. He also knows that his impractical scheme for excluding foreign cloth cannot work at present because Indian mills cannot produce all the cloth she needs. People wore *khadi* because they sympathized with these ideals and with the present movement. One may go out to dinner in a cultured Indian household and find men who have been educated in English universities wearing this coarse hand-woven cloth. They admit it is far from comfortable, because it needs very frequent washing and ironing to be presentable. The womenfolk still wear their cotton saris with the red, white, and green tricolour bordering. American journalists attending the Congress this week gained popularity by wearing Gandhi caps. These caps are supposed to be of *khadi*, but, in practice, the Indian mills have not resisted the temptation to exploit national enthusiasm by manufacturing such caps on their looms. This imitation *khadi* has caused the Congress many misgivings, and they have recently had to obtain undertakings from various mills to stop this spurious manufacture.

GANDHI AT KARACHI: The Great Congress at Karachi was visited by the Nationalist leader to obtain ratification of the informal pact he made with the ex-Viceroy. Mrs. Sarojini Naida, one of the most determined followers of the Mahatma, is seen above en route *to his tent*

Again, many of the caps come from Japan, a state of affairs not in accordance with Gandhi's ideals. It is remarkable but true that the Japanese can buy Indian cotton in Bombay, send it to Japan, and turn it into Gandhi caps which are sent to Bombay and, in the face of a stiff duty, sold around 3 annas—a price the Indian mills cannot touch by a long way. One sees fewer cotton saris nowadays. When Indian women took to them they were supposed to burn their wonderfully coloured silk saris. But for big public functions, such as weddings and *navjots* (Parsi thread ceremonies) this season, one sees no diminution in silky sheen or in gorgeous colouring. This is perhaps just as well, for Bombay would miss these things sadly. Yet if these ladies did not burn their silk saris neither have they disposed of their cotton ones. Let us assume they have put them away as a sign that for the present they are satisfied with the progress of political negotiations.

Out of Gaol.

Everywhere one meets well-educated men who have just been released from gaol. I sat next to one at an Indian play the other evening. He had been imprisoned twice during the civil disobedience movement, and mentioned the fact casually without any self-advertisement, yet with quiet pride. "And how did they treat you?" I asked. "Very fairly indeed. I was an A class prisoner," he replied. He was dressed in *khadi* from top to toe, with Indian sandals, though a few years ago he had possibly got his clothes from Paris or London. His desire to avoid a slavish copying of things Western even went so far as to objecting publicly to a fine Indian child actor being called "India's Jackie Coogan," and he wished to re-christen him by the name of a previous Marathi boy actor.

If you want to provoke a keen discussion in Bombay you must mention the question of a flag for India when she attains the status of a dominion. A Congress committee at present has this vexed matter in hand. Last week in a Bombay meeting the Sikhs—whose yellow stripe has been omitted from the Congress tricolour, causing many heart-burnings—objected to the absence of their flag. The Moslems also wanted their star and crescent to show up. The result was three flags rose higher and higher in childish emulation until a compromise was reached, and all three were then bound together in one place. It is this provocation of communal feeling which is the objection, from a Congress standpoint, to the present tricolour which stands for Hindus (red), Moslems (green), and the other minorities (white). It is very probable the flag which will be acceptable to India as a whole, if anything can be acceptable to interests so heterogeneous, will avoid these separate colours.

One suggestion which has been made is that India's future flag should have the elephant on a plain blue ground, with the Union Jack in the corner. The elephant is India's symbol, and possesses characteristics typical of the country. It is docile and amenable to leadership, with ability for hard work when it likes and for team work. It does not see "red," though it sees "white"—witness the uprooted white milestones which the Mysore Government have had to replace with black stones, now remaining free from elephant depredations.

SILK OR KHADI? This picture shows a modern Indian girl in her silk sari. Khadi *is worn by the wealthy purely as a Nationalist gesture*

In the Crush.

Mr. Gandhi proposes to come to Bombay this week-end to say good-bye to Lord Irwin. One unfortunate fact about Gandhi's immense popularity is that it renders it almost impossible for him to address Bombay meetings. He tried in Bombay when he was released from gaol and had to abandon the attempt through a stampede of the huge crowd, resulting in the death of one woman. On the banks of the Sabarmathi at Ahmedabad a few days later another woman was killed and many were injured in the dense crush. Last week an old doctor was suffocated to death, and many children strayed away during a Karachi meeting. Mr. Gandhi himself tries to avoid the crowds when he can, and recently has taken to attending appointments in Bombay through unusual entrances. He leaves and arrives at Bombay by suburban stations. He knows his popularity is perilous for the crowd.

Economically, Bombay is on the mend, though far below normal. European firms have been hard hit, but this is largely the result of the general depression. Business here should mend rapidly, for Bombay's prosperity is based on the mills, and their outlook was never brighter. They are not slow to exploit the wave of *swadeshi* that is sweeping the country.

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The FAMILY of EXILED KINGS

Manoel of Portugal, George of Greece, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Zita of Austria, Otto of Hungary, Wilhelm of Germany, Amanullah of Afghanistan, and Hussein of the Hedjaz Greet their Brother of Spain who Fills the Place left Vacant by Carol of Rumania

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Tennis and Twickenham: *Ex-King Manoel of Portugal, who has become an English institution*

So the considerable family of crownless kings, which lost a member when Carol regained his throne, has its numbers restored again by the arrival in its bosom of a new member in the tall, lean person of Alfonso XIII of Spain (and some still say that there is no evil portent in that number !).

It is an oddly assorted family, a family of all shapes, sizes, and tints, ranging from a philosophical young Chinese by way of a gloomy and stouteuing Afghan to an embittered Hungarian woman and a smiling and chubby Portuguese.

But not entirely an unhappy family, bereft of consolations and eating its royal heart out. Alfonso, for instance, adaptable and resilient, will not look so sad after he has got over the first shock of the Spanish landslide, and settled himself down to the varied and care-free life of a cosmopolitan gentleman with a town and country estate in England — which already harbours his cousin of Portugal, and is, indeed, the traditional haven of kings who have lost their crowns.

Further, he has assiduously cultivated other interests in life besides those which appertained to his existence as a semi-absolute sovereign. He has made good friends among the sporting nobility and aristocratic *bons viveurs* of England and France. He has been coming over to the island in the North Sea for many seasons now to play around in the capital; go racing and stalk deer over the domains of the Scottish Duke of Sutherland, whose tall duchess is one of the best shots in England, and plays the trap drum in a private jazz band of his own. He shoots, fishes, plays polo with abandon, and is a crack motorist with a preference for racing cars.

He likes witty talk and well-chosen little dinners, and knows where to find both in half-a-dozen capitals, a list which he may be counted upon to extend in the near future. He likes the life of Deauville and Cannes, and would have indulged in both more freely if he had been able to do so without arousing adverse comment at home—a consideration which disappeared when the royal standard was hauled down from its mast over the palace in Madrid.

He is at home in at least three of the many worlds of Paris. And now he can shop for ties, shirts, and clothes generally in London, instead of having to get all that done in the course of a couple of visits a year. He has always been keenly interested in cattle-breeding and farming and horses and all that he will have more time to attend to now, and in the sympathetic atmosphere of an English countryside.

Should Alfonso desire the company of other deposed monarchs he will find already in England ex-King Manoel of Portugal and his charming queen, and ex-King George of Greece. Manoel has fitted himself smoothly into the English social picture during his twenty years of residence. He has a picturesque mansion in extensive grounds near the Thames at Twickenham, and both he and his queen have associated themselves with lawn tennis until no club or private tennis party in the high world is complete without them, while at the Wimbledon tournaments he is as familiar a figure as Tilden or Helen Wills.

They live the lives of English aristocrats of the modest and rather old-fashioned type. No cocktail parties. No cabaret dinners. No association with the more flamboyant side of Mayfair entertaining. No haunting of the smarter restaurants and theatres. You don't find them in the Embassy Club, or out with the fashionable hunts. Occasionally they dine or lunch with King George and Queen Mary. Now and then they give a quiet little dinner or luncheon themselves. They go a lot to sporting clubs like Roehampton and Hurlingham, and play at Queen's; and most winters they seek sun for a month or two on the Riviera, but never go into a casino to play.

One way and another exile seems to have quieted down Manoel, whose downfall was not dissociated with the public accusation in Lisbon that he had hung the price of a torpedo boat round the pretty neck of a French dancer, now dead; although in fairness to Manoel it must be said that his friends always declared there was nothing in that affair, and that an incident had been maliciously exaggerated by the Carbonaria, the secret society which had permeated and undermined every institution of the monarchy, got its spies into the royal palaces as servants, and which made the revolution of 1910.

George of Greece, a much younger man and an exile since 1923, likes the smart side of London and Paris life, and in London is often around the fashionable restaurants and dancing places, and a good deal in evidence at charity balls. Titled English hostesses who have tied up their social prestige with the success of one of the big charity balls of the year find the tanned, athletic, English-looking son-in-law of Queen Marie of Rumania a considerable asset in their parties, and very willing to amuse and be amused.

He has not yet acquired a house in England, partly, perhaps, because he is firmly convinced that a turn in the tide of Greek politics may at any time bring a recall to the throne he had to vacate at short notice. British income tax is uninviting to an ex-king who has refused a pension from the new régime and relies on his own slender resources. In town he usually stays with his wife at an old-fashioned private hotel in Mayfair; and in Paris, too, he is a bird of passage. He is a man of some culture, and not long ago caused some stir by going down to Oxford for a debate of the Union of that University on the respective merits of the athletic and the æsthetic, and letting out some salty and erudite sallies.

Living quietly among his flowers and butterfles in a beautiful walled villa in Coburg is the old man, white-bearded, noticeably long-nosed, who was once Tsar of Bulgaria and the subtlest diplomat — after the disappearance of Abdul the Damned of Turkey—in Europe.

As absolute sovereign of his kingdom, he feathered his nest richly, and it has always been supposed that when he fled he took with him the major portion of a fortune estimated at around £10,000,000. But he lives modestly, gives nothing away, and is said to have declined to aid Boris of Bulgaria when it was brought to his notice that his unfortunate young successor had only a bare £7,000 a year on which to keep up the state of kingship.

He was always a trifle eccentric, and few months pass now without some new story going the rounds of the Chancelleries of the old man's latest eccentricity. Once he was reported hopelessly insane, but as a few weeks later he was received in audience by the Pope at the Vatican the report was, to say the least, greatly exaggerated.

A King in the Smart Set: *Ex-King George of Greece, who is much in evidence at charity balls*

Rupprecht, head of the House of Wittelsbach, and regarded by Bavarian peasants and his own entourage as the King of Bavaria and the possible Emperor of Germany, cured of its republican malady, lives with his aunt, Princess Arnulf of Bavaria, and his children in his castle in Berchtesgaden, through the tall windows of which one sees mountains topped with snow that never melts. He is a tall, handsome man with grey hair parted in the middle, a grey moustache, penetrating eyes, an active mind, and views upon the subject of European affairs which from time to time he enunciates with vigour for the benefit of anyone who will listen or print them.

A Diplomatic Entomologist: *Ex-Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria—a shrewd politician who guessed wrong only once*

He has tact. He eschews military uniforms and dresses in civilian clothes, and although he might assert his claim to the title of *de jure* king, he continues to designate himself Crown Prince, the title that was his at the time of the revolution which sent two dozen German thrones toppling over.

He has considerable faith in an eventual restoration in Bavaria, if not in federalized Germany. Meantime, he waits, takes precedence of the head of the Bavarian State whenever the two appear together in the same place, rambles in the Bavarian mountains in short knee breeches and a feather-trimmed hat, and digs about his huge old castle for hidden antiquities, of which he has discovered quite a quantity of late, under flagstones and behind false walls.

His steadfast argument for monarchy is that the politician thinks of the next election and the statesman of the next generation, and a monarchical government is likely to be more statesmanlike than a republic run by politicians, and for that reason Europe needs monarchs again.

The ex-Kaiser doubtless thinks with envy of the relative freedom of his sons, especially of Little Willie, in the first flush of the revolution as unpopular as his father, but now going freely about Berlin and living comfortably with his wife and their three children, without guards, at his castle at Oels in Silesia.

Wilhelm maintains the strict etiquette of the Prussian Court in his fastness behind its screens of trees, wall, and barb wire at Doorn. This disgraced and humiliated man, who could not even withstand the rigours of exile without taking a second wife to keep him company, has managed—although not without resolute legal action in the German courts—to rescue some part of his gigantic private fortune, and his income, supplemented by the revenues from his wife's great Silesian estates, is sufficient to relieve him from the sort of financial cares which beset, for example, the heads of the Habsburg house which crashed along with the Hohenzollern.

How does this man, who was so nervously restless and active and who lived in great state between a score of castles and palaces and meddled with everything and had a finger in every pie—how does he occupy himself on his 20-acre estate with its twenty-five-roomed mansion and old pigeon house and a tiny private chapel?

He walks in his little park. He reads. He studies the cuttings of news-

papers carefully garnered and sent to him. He sits long over dinner with the "Queen of Prussia," his occasional Monarchist guests, and his two permanent equerries. He visits the schoolroom where his wife's children—she brought him five step-children on marriage—study under the supervision of a governess. He writes, standing for the most part—by his doctor's advice—at a special desk. He fells trees and saws them up—an exercise, this, to combat an increasing tendency to corpulence. His hair and beard are white now, his skin is well-coloured, but he looks aged and ravished and, in his shadowed and sunken eyes there is an expression at once defiant and hunted

He is the only one of the crownless monarchs who dare not leave the sanctuary to which he fled when his people rose and his throne was pulled from under him.

In a little château in the warm Provençal plain lives a quiet woman who was once a queen, and a boy for whom kingship is still claimed by a small body of partisans. The queen is Her Majesty of Montenegro, which tiny kingdom was incorporated after the War in the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes (Yugoslavia) by a decision of the Paris peace-makers.

But a separate party remains in being and periodically bombards the Press and the foreign offices with demands for the restoration of the kingdom and the recognition of her legal king. At one time it was thought that Italy might be interested in doing something, since the Queen of Italy is a Montenegrin princess, and Mussolini would not be averse to weakening the structure of his neighbour across the Adriatic. But nothing to date has been done from that quarter, and the mother of the king does not care to make too much fuss, since she has accepted a pension from the Belgrade Government and is virtually dependent upon it for the supply of the necessities of life for herself and the "King" and his small brothers.

The ex-Empress Zita of Austria is not quite so hard up and helpless, but she has to live frugally while bringing up her son, the young Archduke Otto, as the future king of Hungary, and even—if Mgr. Seipl of Austria and his school ever realize their schemes and dreams—as eventual emperor of a Danubian federation of States rating as a first-class power.

The *de jure* king of Hungary is a slender student in French clothes and a béret, the last hope of the Habsburg clan. His mother is a formidable woman, narrow-browed, black-eyed, white-faced, embittered, concentrated, tenacious, with a family tradition of intrigue. She dominated her husband, the ill-fated Karl, in his life. She went through terrible days with him when the monarchy was crumbling in Vienna and Budapest, and the last loyal troops deserted them so that their apartments in the palace at Schönbrünn were left unguarded. She fled with him to the royal hunting-box in the Danube meadows below Vienna.

The Woodcutter of Doorn: *The ex-Kaiser and his second wife, who brought him a step family of five children*

A Bourbon to the marrow, she opposed abdication, although the whole empire was crashing about their ears; and Werkmann, the Emperor's *attaché*, records that when the matter was being debated between husband and wife while the anxious ministers waited in the anteroom. Zita exclaimed: "I would rather fall with you here. For then Otto would succeed. And if we fall—there are other Habsburgs!"

It was only when Zita was convinced that legitimist principles would not be violated that she allowed Karl to sign, and saw the Habsburg black-and-yellow flag replaced by the red-white-red of the republic on the flag poles.

Husband and wife retired with their son to Italy, but foolish advice sent the impulsive Karl back on two occasions on wild bids for his lost throne. Both ended in disaster. Karl died, and Zita was incarcerated first in a château and then in a convent, and finally exiled.

She went to live in Switzerland. Her straits were desperate. The Vatican pulled strings, and she was allowed to go with her children to Paris, while the hat was sent round the other royal houses of Europe, for the tragic family was practically without a cent. Zita wanted to sell an historic Florentine diamond, but Italy blocked the sale on the ground that the St. Germain treaty required the return of certain crown jewels by Austria to Italy.

Zita was almost destitute, but the threat had its effect upon the Hungarian Government, who allowed her a revenue from her sequestered estates in Hungary. She wanted to settle in England. England however declined to shelter her, so King Albert gave her permission to settle near Louvain; and there she now makes her home against the day when the Hungarian people elect a Habsburg King, and her son, Otto, is crowned in the old royal palace topped by the red-and-gold crown of St. Stephen.

It is always possible, of course, that Hungary, a kingdom without a king, may elect to go republican again or may get in a prince of another house. But Zita lives in the hope and expectation that nothing of that kind will happen.

The Legitimist King of England: *Rupprecht of Bavaria, who is considered by many the Stuart heir—a distinguished general and art critic and head of the House of Wittelsbach*

Amanullah and his unveiled queen, Souriya, retired to Italy after the ebullition in their kingdom and the assumption of the purple by Nadir Khan. Amanullah was extremely disgruntled and, meditating beside the sunny Mediterranean on the strange caprices of fortune, became a convert to the Kremlin propagated explanation of the revolt, which was that British intrigues were behind it all, those deep and wily imperialists preferring a weak and riven Afghanistan to a powerful and united Asian nation equipped with modern weapons and knowledge and squatted at the great northern gateway to India.

These views did not encourage the British, who had fêted him so sumptuously in his hour of power, to offer him a welcome in his hour of need — particularly as he had left a good many unpaid bills in London for clothes and motor-cars, and his creditors might try to serve writs on him and create like diplomatic incidents.

But Italy is no place for such a man as Amanullah, anyway, and he soon left it for Smyrna, and the last news of him that has reached the West is that he is somewhere on the frontier of his lost kingdom and in touch with tribes who might acclaim him king again and fight in his cause, at a price.

Hussein Ibn Ali, King of the Hedjaz, that old chieftain of the desert and guardian of the Holy Places, who abdicated in 1925 when Ibn Saud's wild Wahabi tribesmen broke like a flood over his kingdom, has taken his misfortunes more stoically, although his fall was a resounding one.

There he was, head of the Hashimite dynasty, a direct descendant of the first makers of Arab history, with the family territories wedged compactly between the Red Sea and Persia, and a gold treasure recalling the fabulous wealth of the Arabian nights. He himself was master of the Hedjaz, one of his sons ruled over Iraq, and another over Transjordania. He appeared to be impregnable, aggrandized as a result of backing the right horse during the War, and backed by the imperial might of Britain, which had its own reasons for wanting the pro-British Hussein dynasty sitting pretty in that strategic zone, on the land and sea highway to India and the East.

And then Ibn Saud came out of the desert, and Britain left the best man to win; and the old chieftain was obliged to hurry down to the coast and push off into the Red Sea to escape the Wahabi swords. Fortunately, though, the bulk of the family fortune was in gold and jewels, and he got away with the best part of £3,000,000, and a British warship took him and his money to Cyprus, on which island he now

Bourbon-Habsburg: *Ex-Empress Zita and the Archduke Otto, styled King of Hungary. Zita is the most royalist of all the exiles*

Afghan Exiles: *Amanullah and his unveiled Queen Souriya in European dress. Finding England unsympathetic, he has now abandoned Italy for Smyrna and is believed to be making a neu bia for his throne*

The Latest Recruit: *A typical study of Don Alfonso, who may yet return to power as the Spanish king*

lives in considerable comfort and apparent content, spending his days in meditation, the pleasures of the table and chess, at which he is a formidable adversary.

One wonders, though, whether the delights of freedom from an Argus-eyed publicity and the alleviation of onerous programmes of public functions compensate these royal exiles for what they have lost. Those born and bred to kingship, with the tradition of ruling behind them, must find games of skill or chance very dull after playing for the stake of survival or power; these monarchs were no "rubber-stamp" kings but rulers conscious of their function.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THE PRICE OF CONSCRIPTION! French recruits for the conscription of 1931 thronged the railway stations of Paris a few days ago. The Blues, *as they are termed in Parisian slang, were almost all accompanied to the* points de départ *by their families. The* morale *of the recruits was admirable*

PRESS LORDS OF AMERICA.—Public thought and opinion in America is being standardized more and more. The press as a power to influence American mass psychology is increasingly concentrating in fewer hands. To what degree that will develop as a menace to individualistic thinking, reasoning, and forming of public opinion—so great a factor in government and international relations these days—no one can yet foresee.

The passing of the *New York World*, one of the outstanding progressive newspapers in America during the last fifty years, and the sale of *Liberty Magazine*, emphasize the growing industrialization of the American press. The economic depression is hastening this process of consolidations, amalgamations, and combinations of newspapers or magazines in the United States.

There are 1,949 daily newspapers in that country, whose daily circulation on weekdays is estimated at 40,000,000 copies and on Sundays at 28,000,000. Statistics place the number of copies of monthly magazines and periodicals printed each month at 120,000,000. That means one newspaper to every three persons, and one magazine for every person, counting in the babies, of the population. On Sundays, William Randolph Hearst controls about one-fifth of the entire newspaper circulation with his papers. He owns twenty-eight newspapers in eighteen cities, eleven magazines, leases 75,000 miles of telegraph wires for his news services, and has some 50,000 employés on his pay-roll.

All the same, no one daily newspaper in the United States can boast as large a circulation as the London *Daily Mail*, or the London *Daily Express* for instance.

The total gross income from the publication of newspapers and magazines is placed at one-and-a-half billion dollars—approximately £300,000,000. The enormous increase both in the readers of newspapers and in advertising is best shown by the following figures:

In 1914 total receipts from subscriptions and street sales of newspapers in America were 99,500,000 dollars. From advertisements, 184,000,000 dollars. In 1929, from subscriptions and sales 272,600,000 dollars, and 791,500,000 dollars from advertisements.

Ruthlessness of Big Business in America, often difficult for us in Europe to understand, was reflected by the fact that 3,000 employés of *The World*, many of them with long years of service, were discharged and put out on the street with only two weeks' salary each. The compensation and pension systems, recognized in Europe, do not obtain in the United States.

Mr. Roy Howard, who twenty years ago began life as a poor reporter, now a millionaire, is looming ever larger as the Little Napoleon of the American Press.

THE COST OF AMUSEMENT.—Vicarious thrills enjoyed by armchair cinema-goers cost the heroes and heroines of Screenland an average of fifteen accidents a day of which an average of more than eight daily is sufficiently severe to warrant compensation. Treasury officials, publishing statistics on the subject, reveal that in the last six years fifty-five lives have been lost, 10,738 injuries sustained, costing the California film companies nearly half-a-million dollars in compensation. 1929, with its large output of war pictures, including *Hell's Angels*, saw sixteen deaths. Two cabin monoplanes crashed. Captain Ross Cooke with nine screen actors plunged to death in the Pacific.

Trader Horn, recently shown in London, was responsible for two unusual accidents. Donald Gooch dislocated his shoulder as a haltered zebra jerked away from him in a jungle scene. C. A. Marshall received temporary disability compensation because an insect bit him.

The official report on these major and minor tragedies of the world of make-believe is relieved by lighter touches. A lobster pinched the upper right eyelid of Fred Metz as he stooped to pick up another lobster while making a comedy. Cat bites, burns from hot soup during domestic scenes, strained hands from typewriting, are cited amongst the claims. A. Mezaville got some synthetic snow in his eye. Ronald Dicks, combatant in a mêlée, fainted from exhaustion and was injured. The glamorous reputations of screen heroes are not so easily earned after all.

THE LAUENBURG PRIVILEGE.—Free railway travel for the whole 5,000 population of Lauenburg in Northern Germany is a ninety-years-old privilege which successive administrations have urged, coaxed, tried to buy or bribe from the inhabitants without success. Every permanent resident of Lauenburg is entitled to travel free between his town and Buechen on the Berlin-Hamburg line. Not a long or costly journey, but one fraught with glory and prestige above the common ticket-holding herd, if you happen to be a Lauenburger. That is why they refuse to renounce this almost century-old prerogative at any price.

The custom dates from 1841, following the construction of the Berlin-Hamburg railway which, originally intended to pass through Lauenburg, was deviated to Buechen. Lauenburg felt slighted, complained to their sovereign, at that time of Denmark, who sympathetically agreed that the little town deserved compensation. He decreed that a branch line be built from Buechen to Lauenburg to be used free of charge for ever and ever by Lauenburg residents desirous of travelling to Buechen. The railway administration soon offered to pay a ransom to the town in exchange for renunciation of the privilege. A referendum in 1843 energetically rejected the proposal. The "Lauenburg privilege" was already distinctive and precious. Following the cession of this territory to Prussia, the Prussian Railway administration recognized the right, and there it remains to this day.

LIGHTER THAN AIR.—Britain must not strike airships from her programme of British development in air-transport. The national reaction against lighter-than-air craft, following the appalling disaster to the *R 101*, is but slowly subsiding. It is now time again to consider the development of airships as an integral part of our programme for air-transport around the far-flung British Empire, with the same objectiveness and perseverance in imperial interests that government and public accord to aeroplanes and flying-boats. The fact that the R.A.F. lost sixty-five men in aeroplane accidents last year, and has already lost thirty-four since January 1 of this year, has never suggested the idea to authorities or public that experiment should be deferred or cease. Mishaps on our airways service, such as the recent crash of the *City of Cairo*, 500 miles from Port Darwin, first air-mail to Australia, far from discouraging, incite to further effort. If you lose a battle you do not give up the war as lost.

With America building and experimenting with gigantic Zeppelins on one side of us, and Germany on the other, we too must contribute technical and engineering science, navigation skill, to the problems of lighter-than-air craft. With greater need of speedy and safe transport than any nation, Britain cannot afford to withdraw and leave that field exclusively to America, Germany, and Russia.

The flight of the *Graf Zeppelin* from Friedrichshafen to Alexandria, Cairo, Jerusalem, back to Cairo and to Friedrichshafen, was another demonstration of the practicability of the airship. Including the crew, there were sixty-six persons on board. Among the most enthusiastic passengers were Squadron-Leader Booth, commander of our *R 100*, and Colonel Gossage, British Air Attaché at Berlin. The flight from Friedrichshafen to Alexandria was made in thirty hours and forty-five minutes; the return from Cairo to Friedrichshafen, with some light head-winds at times, in thirty-six hours. The *Graf Zeppelin* left Heliopolis near Cairo at 6.35 Saturday evening. It landed at Friedrichshafen at seven on Monday morning.

The best time by fastest trains and steamers for the same stretch is between ninety-five and one hundred and ten hours.

But when passengers who flew to Cairo on the Zeppelin wanted to return by Imperial Airways, in order to make a comparison of travel between airship, flying-boats, and 'planes, they learned that at the present time, if they left Cairo by 'plane on Sunday morning, they would not be in London until late on Thursday. 'Planes and flying-boats carry them to Athens, and they would have to take the train for Paris, where the Imperial Airways picks them up again. Soon, however, it is to be an "all air" route to Cairo.

The *Graf Zeppelin* did not have to make intermediate landings. It flew all night while the passengers slept comfortably in their berths. There is not the roar of the motors, so tiring in the giant aeroplanes on long flights. Passengers arrive rested. There is for the present time no comparison in comfort between travel on airships and aeroplanes. Airships and aeroplanes supplement one another as do steamships and railway.

PRO AND CON.—True, we have had two disasters with airships. The *R 38* broke in two. It was too lightly constructed. Then we went to the other extreme and built the *R 101* too heavy. The Americans lost their home-built *Shenandoah*. Then they had their *Los Angeles* built in Friedrichshafen. It is now the oldest airship in the world, has flown thousands of miles, and is still good for some years. The Americans then engaged the Chief Constructor of the Zeppelin Works in Germany together with a staff of men. These are checking, controlling, supervising the building of the two giant Zeppelins in Akron, Ohio.

National pride and prejudice prevented us from turning to the more experienced Germans, as did the Americans. It was a natural and understandable pride, though we have paid dearly for it.

If a woman who flies her own 'plane and has flown more than 50,000 miles in the *Graf Zeppelin*, including three times across the Atlantic and once across the Pacific, may express an opinion, it is: the evidence in the *R 101* inquiry shows that we must book that national calamity to—inexperience. Nothing else satisfactorily explains.

If Britain strikes airships from its air-transport development programme it is certain to be interpreted that British aviation-engineering, technical science, and navigation skill admit inferiority to that of America and Germany. There should, however, be one pre-condition to the resumption of airship building — that is, that we reach an agreement with America for the non-inflammable helium gas. The Germans, I hear, have been assured that they will be given helium for the new Zeppelins now building. No doubt the Americans will be equally helpful to us.

Before the Government finally comes to a decision on the pending question of whether or not it will recommend the continuance of an airship programme, it is to be hoped that due consideration will be given to the reports which Squadron-Leader Booth and Colonel Gossage, no doubt, have made on their experiences and impressions in the *Graf Zeppelin* on the flight to Egypt and back in record time, comfort, and feeling of security. The cost of the flight, I hear, was a little more than covered by the passenger fares and mail carried.

Ewing Galloway

A DIRIGIBLE OF THE U.S. NAVY: Los Angeles, *moored to the* Patoka, *her mother ship, at Panama. This airship, following the disaster to the U.S.-built* Shenandoah—*was built in Germany. The oldest airship in the world, she is still good for some years' work*

"The SPHERE" SURVEYS the WORLD

FANTASIA: The Arab riders of Gabès, Tunisia, displayed their traditional equestrian prowess on the occasion of the visit of President Doumergue last month. On right *is seen an aspect of the official tribune during the inspection of the Bey's Guard in Tunis. In this part of North Africa the French influence is very strong and is ever ramifying farther southward into the desert where, as appeared in a recent issue of "The Sphere," a remarkable Gallic block of territory has been amassed and is becoming rapidly French not only in name but in fact*

AT THE MAORI REGATTA: One of the great events of New Zealand is the Ngarnawahia Regatta, at which various events are held. These include canoe races in various classes, canoe hurdle races, kopapa races, the "chase for a bride" undergone by canoes manned by six men, mounted swimming races, war canoe races (for crews of not less than twenty men), and native dances. Beyond this there are rowing events, bagpipe competitions, and dancing competitions in Scots, Naval, and Irish dances

THE LEGITIMISTS: The Duc de Guise, head of the House of Bourbon, "rightful king of France," with his son, the Comte de Paris, who married Princess Isabelle d'Orléans-Braganee at Palermo. The Guises live in Anjou Castle, near Brussels, being forbidden to enter France

OVERHEAD

The White Horses of England Seen from the Air

"THE WHITE HORSE KNEW ENGLAND WHEN THERE WAS NONE TO KNOW": The pre-historic cutting on Bratton Hill, near Westbury, associated with the victory of Alfred at the Battle of Ethandune, 878, when the Danish power was broken

IN THE WILTSHIRE CHALK: The White Horse near Calne, Wilts. The greatest and most famous of these cuttings is that at Uffington, in the famous White Horse Vale, and it was that, commemorating the victory of Ashdown (871), which inspired Chesterton's magnificent Ballad

IN THE NORTH: The White Horse, near Byland Abbey, Yorks. This is one of the comparatively modern cuttings. The ancient ones were not purely equine, as the Long Man at Wilmington and the Cross at Whiteleaf prove. The antiquity of some of these cannot be determined

By courtesy of A. F. D. Navarro

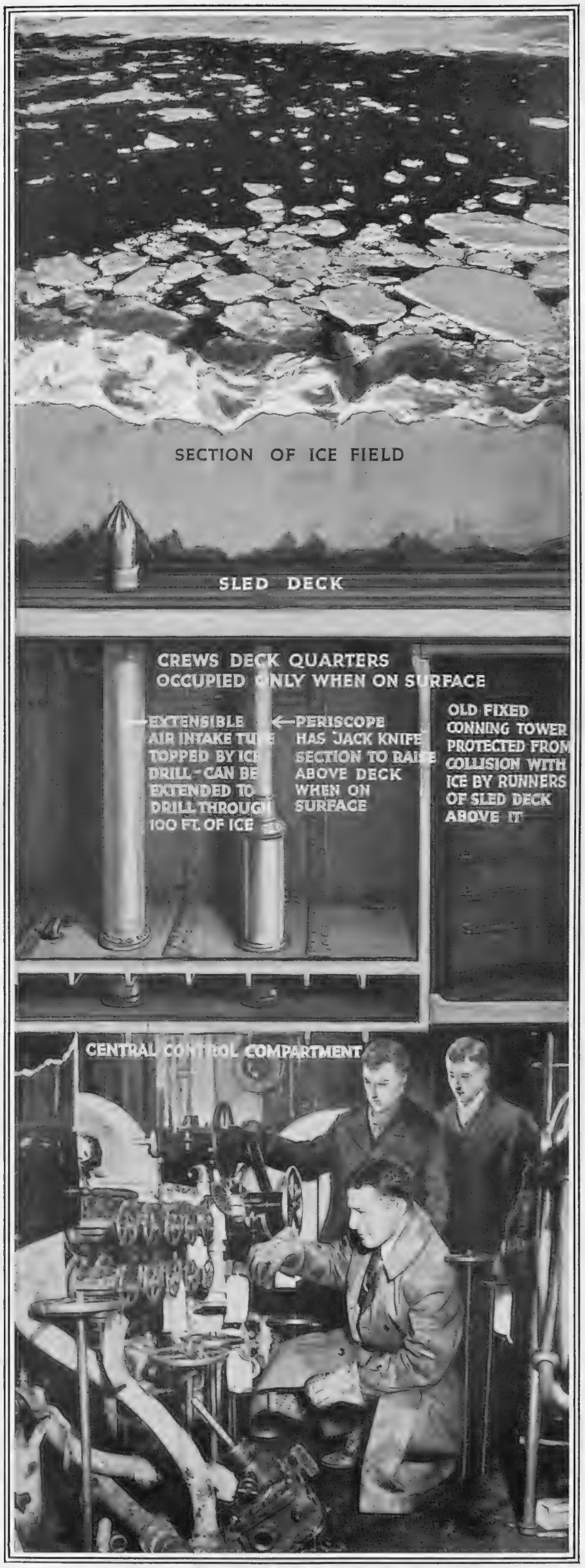
A RELIC OF BY-GONE AGES: An aerial view of the present remains of the ancient system of cultivation at Crimscote, near Whitchurch, Warwick, showing curved rows of hawthorn trees, following the balks of turf and weeds, as, when the land was uncultivated, the hawthorn bushes already had a considerable start in advance of other growth. The sweeping curves of the furlongs are said to be due to the twist of the great eight-ox plough, as the leading oxen were pulled round ready for turning at the end of the furrow

By courtesy of A. F. D. Navarro

NEOLITHIC, OR OF THE IRON AGE? The southern end of the complex of earthworks at Walton Common, near Clevedon, Somerset. The age and purpose of these earthworks are unknown, but it may be said that the rather polygonal character of the circle is a feature which has been found in Neolithic work. There is a strong temptation to regard them as being the remains of some ancient sacred place, but here air-photography administers a corrective. A cross hatch of faint lines will be seen over most of the area covered by the picture. It is almost certain that these are older than the works because their alignment does not seem to be interrupted by them. Thus it becomes probable that the circle and avenue are no older than the Iron Age and are probably a cattle enclosure with a device attached for getting the animals penned easily. These hints about date are derived solely from aerial-photography, for nothing of the cross-hatch is appreciable on the ground

UNDERSEA to the Pole

Latest Views of the "Nautilus" now in America

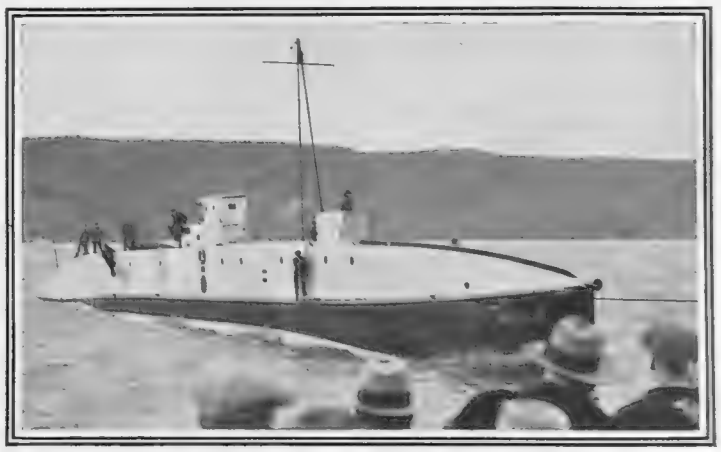


Adapted for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson

BENEATH ICE TO THE POLE: A composite cross-sectional view of the *Nautilus* ploughing beneath the frozen surface of the Arctic season her Vernesque voyage to the North Pole. Above is the ice-filled sea; below the submarines

IN BROOKLYN NAVY YARD: The *Nautilus* docked at her pier after her ill-fated journey from Philadelphia. The view shows the specially built-up superstructure, a sectional view of which appears on left

THE MASCOT: Nemo, a retriever which (named after the captain of Jules Verne's *Nautilus*) will accompany the Wilkins expedition to the Pole, is here seen with Lieut.-Commander Sloan Danenhauer, the submarine's commander



THE FITTING OF STEEL TEETH: The *Nautilus* at Yonkers, New York, where a set of drills will be installed. These steel teeth will enable her to pierce the thick ice-floes during the daring expedition to the Pole which is to be led by Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins. The proposed route is from Southampton (whither the submarine will return from the U.S.A.) to Spitzbergen and then northward on its gallant attempted voyage to the ultimate and boreal Pole

The Bridegroom Led to the Marriage: *On the marriage day the groom is fetched by a deputation headed by his prospective brother-in-law*

The Performer of the Ceremony: *The* Wali *(in glasses), who represents the bride and has the right to give her away. He makes his declaration before the Muslim registrar*

Bride and Groom: *When still in the romantic stage they are called* and Marpelai. *The bridal headdress is embroidered with gold and orn*

The BRIDELESS MARRIAGE

The Extraordinary Marriage Customs of Sumatra, in the Dutch East Indies

The Home Elect: *Here the newly married couple live. The spikes on the roof, six in number, represent the strength of the existing family. A new spike is erected for every new member*

e called respectively Anak Daro
i and ornamented with bells

The Brideless Marriage: *It is only the* Wali, *the member of the bridal family, who has the right to give her away, who is present at the ceremony. The bride's consent is unnecessary under Islamic law*

The Minangkabau, in Sumatra, the great island of Holland's colonial empire, has in it one supreme feature of interest—it is the last stronghold of matriarchy in the world. The matriarchate, however, operates only in a limited fashion. The descent is derived through the female line, but in every group-family, a unit computed in some districts territorially and in others on the basis of a clan, a male member of the family known as the *mamak* is appointed to represent the family and to supervise its legal and proprietorial rights. The head of a group of these group-families is also a male and is known as the *panghoeloe*. The matriarchate is productive of unique marriage and betrothal customs. The rich and orthodox families celebrate these traditional customs with considerable splendour and elaborate ceremonial. Cradle betrothal is not unknown, although the normal age for an engagement to be announced is from ten to twelve. The power of the parents in their children's matrimonial affairs is almost absolute, and arrangements are made between the parents. The heads of the families—the *panghoeloes*—concerned are consulted by the actual fathers and mothers in a secret fashion expressed in the native tongue by the Malay phrase: "A black fowl flies by night." When the match has been absolutely agreed upon the girl's family formally asks for the boy to be married to their daughter. This stage of the ritual, in contradistinction to the former, is not secret and is known by the phrase: "A white fowl flies by day." The ceremony of asking for the hand of the boy is carried out by a deputation from the prospective bride's house carrying a set for chewing the betel nut, known as a *tjerano*, to the bridegroom's house. The *tjerano* is covered with a gold cloth. The acceptance is performed by the members of the bridegroom's family taking some betel nut in the *tjerano*. Marriage follows some years after betrothal, unless the bride is sufficiently mature, when it may immediately follow. The great feasts are given entirely by the bride's family, and lavish entertaining of the fiancé and his friends is *en regle*. The *panghoeloes* of the bride hold a council as to how the expenses of the feasts will be met among members of the family, and on the marriage day the bridegroom is fetched from his house by a deputation headed by one of his prospective brothers-in-law, and consisting mainly of the aged women of the bride's family, bearing gifts. The deputation carries off the groom to the ceremony proper, which may take place in the girl's house or in the mosque. Over and above these preliminaries, however, the bride's consent being unnecessary under Islamic law, she herself is not present at the ceremony, the *wali*, the man who has the right to give the bride away, alone making the declaration on her behalf. The *taliq taliq* (the Muslim conditional divorce formula) is used on most occasions. After the ceremony the husband goes to his own house, leaving his bride and his own relatives with the other wedding guests to feast in his absence. In the evening the husband is usually fetched again, to participate in the junketings, but the consummation of the marriage is deferred. The next day he spends in his own home while the feasting goes on in the girl's house, and that evening he is ceremoniously and ceremonially fetched by the bride's brother to the feast at which the *panghoeloes* and other guests are present. The bride is kept in her room, and after the feast has been in progress some time it is suggested to the groom that the company should go to bed. Twice must the groom refuse as a point of etiquette; the third time he accepts (also as a point of etiquette, lest he should seem to slight his bride). Only in certain districts do the women keep guard to testify to the bride's virginity; only in certain other districts are the bride's teeth filed. Only on one subsequent occasion is the husband fetched to the bride's house. This time he is fetched by a small boy, and then he takes with him his own marriage gifts to the bride. Thereafter he has free access both to his wife and her house and the frequency of his visits is a personal matter. From the moment the husband first enters his wife's room he is called *Marpelai*, and she *Anak Daro*, which terminology they retain until they settle down into the routine of married life and become husband and wife.

MAKING MICRO-MOVIES

Marvels of Scientific Camera Work Presenting Nature's Performances Inside an Incubating Egg, and the Action of Disease Germs in a Drop of Blood

By THEODORE D. IRWIN

That vast unseen world in the animal and vegetable realms heretofore invisible by virtue of its diminutiveness will soon cease to be a mystery to the layman. An army of scientists, biologists, and naturalists, using highly-developed micro-motion cameras, is giving to universities, schools, and gradually to the general public theatres extraordinary films disclosing the secrets of minute life.

By railway, steamship, aeroplane, and finally primitive Indian canoes and rafts up treacherous jungle waters, an expedition of scientists recently covered 8,900 miles in fourteen months in order to make, in an isolated sector of South America, a few hundred feet of film showing activities of creatures barely discernible to the naked eye.

For seventy-two hours—three days and nights—a microscopic camera was continuously focussed on a tiny water spider. With camera-man and scientists patiently and sleeplessly watching, they finally succeeded in picturing the hatching of hundreds of minute spiders, each enveloped in a mantle of silvery air-bubbles as they ate their way through the silken cocoon.

An enlargement of more than 100,000 times was obtained by micro-movie-makers in South Africa a short time ago of an animalcule no larger than the tiniest speck of dust. So perfect was the production that the chewing teeth within the creature's stomach became plainly visible on the screen.

Since most of the scenes must be shot in the natural habitat of the performers, the whole world is the scientist's stage. Expeditions will sometimes travel half-way around the globe to locate these strange movie stars in their native haunts. Algeria, Somaliland, Kenya, Iceland, Sumatra, Burmah, Iraq, Corsica—these places will give some conception of the limitless expanse of the micro-movie men's activities. With their cameras they travel on backs of donkeys and llamas, in ox-carts, on goatskin rafts down perilous rivers. Micro-films are taken with a telescopic lens from tops of tall trees, from aeroplanes, from the peaks of the world's highest mountains in Switzerland. Everywhere, with a total absence of fabrication and trick photography, pictures are made showing creature and plant life pursuing their natural, unrehearsed courses of existence beneath the powerful micro-motion lens.

Innumerable obstacles in the form of unknown climate, tropical diseases, jungle paths, unnavigable rivers and unsuspected dangers make the filming of many micro-productions extremely hazardous. Extraordinary adventures, accordingly, are often experienced by the scientists in securing their pictures.

In one recent expedition travelling down a tributary stream emptying into the Amazon River, a member of the party sacrificed his life and the provisions of the expedition while trying to force his canoe through the rapids. Without food, the party spent many hours in dragging the boats through the dense jungle, past the angry rapids. Driven by pangs of hunger, the men were at length forced to partake of a meal composed of giant caterpillars relished more by the Indian members of the party than by the whites. Before the journey could be renewed, however, the leader of the expedition was taken dangerously ill. His first-aid kit also had been lost, but he was miraculously cured by the Indian medicine man who accompanies every Indian expedition. Notwithstanding these and further misfortunes, the party finally succeeded in securing the microscopic films which were their objective.

Micro-motion pictures contain elements similar to the series of fabricated productions—scenarios, settings, and sequences. Fundamentally it is a case of knowing what is needed and of watchful waiting after locating the creatures in their native haunts. Before a creature is portrayed, its life, habits, and habitat are carefully studied by specialized scientists who plot the scenario. Sometimes eight or ten men will work on the "story," and one recent picture necessitated nine months' plot research in Shanghai. The number of trips to "location" needed in order to get the desired scenes are always carefully figured out.

When the scenario is completed the film director of the expedition theoretically rehearses each scene. The average crew of an expedition consists of director, two cameramen, and three collaborating scientists, as well as guides, carriers, and others who often make up a party of forty or fifty people. Then comes the business of finding the best locations of the production's "stars," a process which may take many months.

With few exceptions, all films of creature life are photographed in their natural settings, since the great majority refuse to perform or live their customary life if conveyed to laboratories. Many, especially the delicately formed undersea creatures, die, lose form, or entirely lose their beauty and distinction before they can be arranged in artificial environments.

Tiny creatures too small to be seen except by microscopes compose the cast of characters in these often thrilling dramas, and the entire "props" may be nothing more than a spoonful of ditch-water or mud. Glass-walled containers are used for creatures which must be filmed in swimming movements. Other micro-pictures made in laboratories show how single cells may be operated upon, and illustrate such topics as the dissection of blood cells, reaction of a single muscle fibre, modification of the flow of protoplasm in hairs and the like. The needles with which this micro-dissection work is done are made of glass tubing drawn into a sharp-pointed thread, about one-twenty-five thousand of an inch in diameter. These glass needles, operated by thumbscrews, reach like fingers into a drop of water and go "fishing" for the bacteria that swim around in it with room to spare.

The micro-motion camera is essentially a simple attachment of a microscopic lens to the barrel of the movie camera lens by a milled union. The camera is focussed the same as an ordinary camera, and by working the focussing attachment of the microscopic lens one can make any dimension of enlargement. A different mechanism of microscopic lens similar to telescopic allows the photographing of tiny creatures without having to get too close at hand and thus interrupting their natural movements. This telescopic lens is used in taking shots from tops of trees and aeroplanes.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty encountered in making microscopic films is the almost impossible task of getting the necessary two original negatives. The lens is placed too close to the performers to provide room for two cameras. If the first "take" fails a long wait is often entailed before the creature will repeat the performance. Frequently a given action occurs only once in its lifetime, so that if anything happens to the original film all the labours of the scientists have come to nought. Moreover, there is a possible danger arising from over-enlargement. The greater a picture is magnified the stronger is the light needed, and too strong a light tends to stupefy the frail creature which may refuse to work or actually succumb to the heat.

That this danger is ever present was clearly manifested in the filming of the incubation of the embryo within an ordinary hen's egg. By placing a window in the outer shell of the egg a micro-motion picture was made each day of the embryo during incubation. This required the constant care of a number of scientists, camera-men, and assistants. During the last scenes, when the chick was coming from the crowded chamber, the heat of the powerful lamps was so intense that two persons were employed to drop water on the egg with medicine droppers in order to allay the discomfort of the chick so that it might live. After the last shot had been made the new-born babe was prostrated, and it was feared it had become a martyr to science. It finally revived, however, and is now living at the home of one of the assistants. Coincident with this film the tiny eggs of a small carp were fertilized with secretions from the sperm of the male fish, and photographed under the micro-lens from the time the embryo first began forming until the tiny fish swam free of the minute eggs.

Several micro-motion pictures made in the last few months required unusual scientific skill in consummating the extremely difficult assignment of the scenario. The production showing hornets making paper "castles" from pulp was filmed with the cameraman stationed in a tree with his telescopic camera. He "shot" the hornets as they collected tiny particles of weathered wood, chewed it to a pulp, mixed with saliva, and placed it on the walls of their home, the creatures walking backward the while to keep from treading on the paper before it became hardened. The camera then caught a number of battles between the hornets' guards and other hornets alien to the family within. These fights are never staged artificially; always the cameramen wait for things to happen naturally.

The filming of the sacred scarab, a little beetle, took weeks and weeks of research throughout Egypt and along the Nile to prepare the scenario before the cameraman began his programme of watchful waiting. Pictured in a dual part—representing a living symbol of an ancient Egyptian deity, and going about its normal duties as nature intended—the scarab performed its life-story before the micro-motion camera identical to the dictates of Mother Nature and in accordance with the beliefs and history of the Pharaohs.

One of the most impressive micro-motion pictures ever taken is one showing the movement of bacteria in the human blood stream and the eventual destruction of the red blood cells by vicious little robbers—germs of the African sleeping sickness. For this picture microscopic movie equipment was taken out to Africa, as the drop of blood had to be filmed immediately after it was drawn from the victim in the African jungles. Even that part of the story showing the blood coursing through the veins and the heart action of the stricken person had to be made where the native lived in order to get the picture at the proper moment during the activities of the germs.

In this production one can follow on the screen the disaster caused by the sting of the tiny but deadly tsetse-fly, bearer of the germ, by looking at a drop of human blood taken from the victim. In normal blood there are from three to seven hundred times as many red corpuscles or cells as there are white ones. The little, undulating, tail-whipping protozoans in carrying on their own life activities destroy the blood cells and multiply so rapidly that they quickly outnumber the white blood corpuscles which attack them. The red blood cells, therefore, are seen losing their usual size and shape, no longer able to carry oxygen. Many scientists consider this movie a masterpiece of micro-motion cinema.

The HAUNTS of the EEL

In the Indian Ocean and Bermuda the "Snakes of the Sea" Hold an Annual Convention

All the eels in the world have two conventional headquarters where they meet annually.

Discovery recently of a place in the Indian Ocean, to which millions of Asian, African, and Australian eels travel yearly, recalls that the rendezvous of American and European eels was located in 1920 near Bermuda.

Science knows more to-day about the eel than it did some years ago. The missing chapters in the eel's life history have been supplied through modern deep-sea investigation rather than in the study of fresh or coastal waters, where eels are more in evidence.

Unlike salmon, shad, and other fishes which enter fresh waters to spawn, the eel descends streams at maturity to spawn far at sea. The young eels—3 in. or so in length, called elvers—that enter fresh waters in the spring in large numbers, and are continually working upstream, have always been known, but the stages of growth between the egg and the elver were not.

These stages in which the baby eel does not exceed 3 in. in length are of comparatively recent discovery. We here find it a thin, flattened creature, so transparent that ordinary print may be clearly read through its body. When first described in this stage it was called leptocephalus and was not known to be the common eel.

These transparent larval eels found at sea in the winter months grow rapidly, and by the end of the year are more than two inches long, when they begin to transform. By the time they are a year old they begin to appear in fresh-water streams as elvers or young eels about three inches long.

Investigations by the Danish vessel *Dana*, in 1920 and 1921, have shown that the early larval stages of both the American and the European eel are found only in the western Atlantic at depths of 600 to 900 ft. The former spawns to the south and south-west of the Bermuda Islands, the latter to the south and south-east.

While the American eel begins to enter fresh water at the age of a year, the European species remains three years in the larval stages before it appears as the elver in European streams. The latter, like the American eel, goes far inland, even passing within the borders of Switzerland.

The eels found far inland are always females and remain in fresh water for several years. It is only when tending towards reproductive maturity that they seek the sea. Male eels remain in tidal waters and are smaller and less in evidence. Like females, they do not reach breeding maturity until they have passed to sea.

The great bulk of the eel catch everywhere consists of females. It is said that all the eels captured in the great Quebec fishery are females moving downstream.

It is only the young eels that move upstream. Adults move downstream and do not return. Both males and females die at sea after the first and only breeding season in their lives. The eel is very prolific, each female producing from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 eggs.

"ÉTUDE," BY CHAUMARD: This is one of the few pictures in the Paris Salon of 1931 which is not purely conventional in treatment and design. The general run this year consists of studies of the nude, portraits of women on sofas, interiors of cathedrals, and a few landscapes—all by the hands one would expect

"MOTHER AND CHILD": A study of incredible ingenuity in Ham stone by Henry Moore, which is creating quite an artistic sensation at the Leicester Galleries. The minimum of modelling yet produces the maximum of poignancy and expression

BY THE AUSTRIAN ROSA BONHEUR: Fisher girls in Algiers by Norbertina von Bresslern, considered the finest painter of wild animal life extant. Her work is endowed with masculine strength and she does not, like many moderns, dispense with reality of anatomy. She draws mainly from animals in the Zoos. Here she has chosen the fish of the sea as her subject, extracting from it a rhythmic composition of great power and charm

THE WORLD of ART

CHILDREN
of the Viennese Past

THE IMPERIAL CHILD: The Great Empress, Maria Theresa, at the age of ten. It was on this child that the abrogation of the Salic Law known as the Pragmatic Sanction was based. The artist was Martin Van Meytens. In accordance with the strict Habsburg Court etiquette, she is dressed in a stiff adult costume

OF THE SCHOOL OF VAN MEYTENS: One of the Leporinio, a famous XVIII century family. The flower in the outspread hand is characteristic of the school

INNOCENCE: An enchanting study by Joseph Weidner (circa 1850), in a conventional rustic setting of the period. The dove is a typically Victorian symbolism

OF THE XIX CENTURY: The Archduchess Hildegarde, by Franz Schrotzberge (1811–1889). The formalism of the era is clearly shown

PAINTED ON IVORY: A miniature of Emily von Arthaber, by Moriz Michael Daffinger (1790–1849)—a typical pose

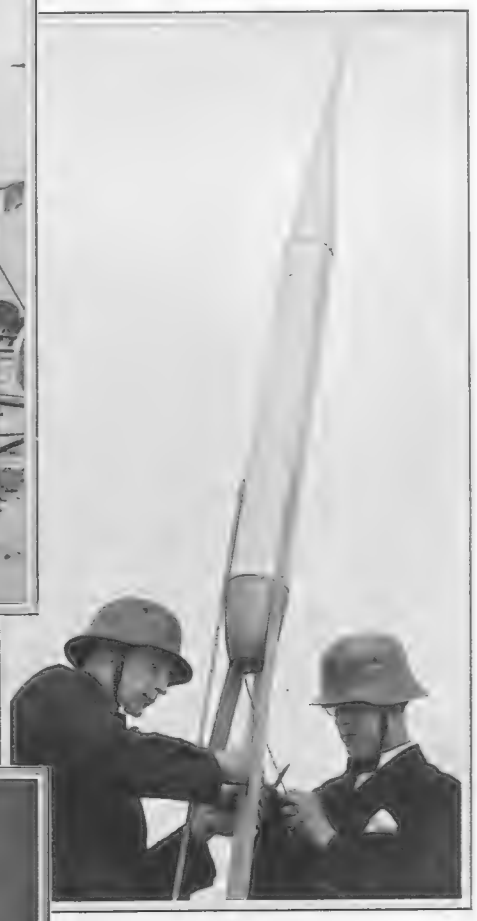
BRIGHT EYES OF YOUTH: A revealing study of early XIX-century Vienna childhood, by Johann Mathias Ranftl (1805–1854)

A fascinating exhibition is being held at the Neumann and Salzer Gallery, Vienna, at the moment. This is devoted exclusively to paintings of Viennese children of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

MECHANICS of MODERN LIFE

The Latest Engineering Developments

A GREAT LABOUR-SAVING DEVICE: The large mechanical L.N.E.R. coaling plant erected at Stratford-atte-Bow, where one part of the device tips up bodily the railway truck and empties the coal into a pit below. The coal is then taken on an endless line of trays on rollers up to a huge box-like arrangement, whence it is emptied into the engines through chutes. The truck is seen above upside down



A NEW GERMAN ROCKET; Herr Poggensee of Bremen and Herr Saakel with his new experiment. The rocket ascended 1,300 ft.

THE LANDSCAPE-MACHINE: A device, the theory of which was worked out by the late George Harris and Mr. Basil Dean and developed by the German electrical firm of Schwabi and Co. This firm built it and patented it under the name of Deans Landschapmaschine. A crew of fourteen is required to hoist it with a winch, for it weighs a ton and a half. This special illuminating apparatus has been installed at the Lyric Theatre to light the mountain scene which forms a feature of *Autumn Crocus*. Attached to a long steel girder, raised and lowered as required, are about a dozen special lights; in the centre is a larger one looking like a steel diving apparatus. The lower portion has been detached in this picture and the interior lighting fitments are being adjusted. The light from this battery of lamps sheds a glow graduated as required on the scene

CAPABLE OF STOPPING IN THE AIR: The Auto Giro, G-AAYP, based on the invention of Juan de la Cierva, is being rapidly developed

THE AUTOGIRO: The stability and control of the Autogiro are similar to the ordinary aeroplane with certain exceptions. The rotor system is the essential characteristic of the Autogiro and gives it its name. It furnishes approximately 80 per cent. of the lift at high forward speed and 100 per cent. in vertical descent. It is capable of vertical descent at a velocity slower than a man descends in a parachute. Since its first successful flight in 1923 this epochal invention of Juan de la Cierva has undergone continuous development, and from December 1928 the work of refinement has been carried on simultaneously in this country and in America

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"BLACK COFFEE" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: Mr. Roland Culver as Captain Hastings, the Watson of the play; Mr. E. Vivian Reynolds as Sir Claud Amory, and Mr. Francis L. Sullivan as Hercule Poirot, the Belgian detective created by Miss Agatha Christie, a rôle first portrayed by Mr. Charles Laughton in "Alibi"

"Mr. Faint-Heart."

Good, clean, wholesome fun. That is the motto at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Ian Hay, who can tell a story well and was a soldier. Or P. G. Wodehouse, incurably facetious and awfully popular with awfully nice people who have comfortable houses at Weybridge and are good at golf. Then there is Basil Foster—one of *the* Fosters, you know—who can (good luck to him) preserve a slim and athletic figure year after year and can bring the scent of the cricket field and of squash racquets across the footlights. And I am sure decent pretty girls with their chatty and well-washed male escorts come in by Tube and Metropolitan Railway in their tens of thousands to cast the healthy disinfectant of Ealing or Surbiton over Shaftesbury Avenue.

This is not so serious a digression from *Mr. Faint-Heart*, the new Shaftesbury Theatre production, as might be imagined. It is an awfully nice play, and if it does not always come to life it dies most decorously in the places where it does die. There is no impropriety within a mile of it, which is all to the good, since nothing is quite so dull as 99 per cent. of stage impropriety, though I confess to being vastly amused and stimulated by the remaining 1 per cent. But entertaining though *Mr. Faint-Heart* is on the whole, I felt that Ian Hay could have made rather more of the clash between types that one can find dotted about the Mediterranean on those palatial floating boarding-houses—liners on a "holiday cruise." The author does certainly show us the snobbery aboard, and those terribly efficient people who will form sports committees and be the life and soul of the ship. But the admirable theme is only partly developed.

The hero is a timid, lovable man, with a stammer and a made-up tie, who is so much in love with a girl who is a fellow-passenger and so tired of being snubbed and cold-shouldered as a nobody by male fellow-passengers in her presence that he blurts out that he is a popular novelist of world-fame. It is, of course, a lie. What makes it a peculiarly embarrassing lie is the fact that, hidden in a first-class cabin, finishing off his latest thriller, is the novelist himself. With the help of the novelist's wife, who is a good sort, and the novelist himself, also a good sort, the situation is helped out as well as may be. The young couple, having got off with each other, get off at Tunis to be married, and the play ends with a very long and verbose scene which is a sad anti-climax.

But in the spots where *Mr. Faint-Heart* is good, it is uncommonly good. The scene in the novelist's cabin (surely that clean-shaven person with a dressing-gown and an incisive manner is Mr. E——r W——e) is first-rate, and a laugh is in every line of it. Mr. Clive Currie, that fine character-comedian, played it for all it is worth, and it is worth a great deal. Some fun was also contributed by Mr. Victor Stanley as a good-hearted bounder from Manchester, whose onslaught on the *clique* of snobs was greeted with as hearty a round of applause as the heroic sentiments of a sailor-hero ever received in the days of transpontine melodrama. I shall never suggest after this that the British gallery does not take its farce seriously or that a crowd of people becomes unswervingly Tory the moment it finds itself within the walls of a theatre.

Mr. Basil Foster always has a pleasant, easy style about him. But I grew extremely tired of the stammer he adopted. Probably he did this under the author's instructions. If so, it is a pity he obeyed them, for there are many more subtle ways of suggesting timidity. Nor could Mr. Foster for one moment suggest a man who would wear a ready-made tie; his whole appearance and personality scream out that he could no more make a sartorial error than foozle a mashie shot. Miss Jane Baxter did not convince me that she was the radiantly intoxicating creature who was supposed to make half the men in the ship flutter round her. But she cleverly made the most of the accent of mincing refinement which one can reasonably suppose would be adopted by a hardworking typist who was spending some unexpected ready money on a glorious "bust" among people with twenty times her income. Miss Marie Löhr was charmingly sensible and understanding.

"The Duenna."

The Duenna, revived preciously but pleasantly at the Lyric, Hammersmith, left me with the impression that eighteenth-century musical comedy is much more amusing than a twentieth-century joint production by, say, Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein II, Sigmund Romberg, and any other combination of a similar type on which an English manager can usually be found willing to spend anything up to £30,000. I doubt whether Sir Nigel Playfair has spent more than a thirtieth part of that sum on the Sheridan-Linley combination. Yet it is full of charm and, what is more important nowadays, full of laughter. There is broader comedy here and more genuine fun than in any musical show in central London (bar *Tantivy Towers*), whatever the number of revolving stages they can boast and however swiftly those stages revolve.

It was good to see Mr. Leo Sheffield back again at work which suits him—work which he can do supremely well. Why he chose to leave Gilbert and Sullivan to play microscopic parts in musical comedies of microscopic wit and with microscopic runs it is not my business to speculate. But now he has good songs to sing and good scenes to act in what we can accept as an eighteenth-century predecessor of Gilbert and Sullivan. There is quite a fair amount of Gilbert in Sheridan (even to the extent of poking fun at aged females), and Linley's music has all the neatness and musicianship of Sullivan, particularly when so clever a person as Mr. Alfred Reynolds is there to score and conduct it.

Mr. Hay Petrie made Mendoza, the Jew, an amusing figure, without being offensive about it. I would like to put burlesque dances to keep company in my private *index expurgatorius* with burlesque boxing matches, burlesque opera singers, burlesque village choral societies, and comedians who burlesque male effeminacy. These things have been worked to a shadow, and were never to my way of thinking funny enough to justify the devotion to them.

But Mr. Petrie's waltz and tango with Miss French were, if anachronistic, distinctly diverting. Mr. Stanley Vilven is a comedian with a good tenor voice, and why, possessing such a rare mixture of theatrically useful qualities, he has not been snapped up for a super-production at a three-figure salary, I cannot imagine. That Sir Nigel Playfair is one of the few London managers who can overcome that curious prejudice rampant among others of his tribe against anyone who happens to know his or her job, is the only conceivable explanation. Miss Marjorie Hickling was the best of the ladies. Some of these showed the mingled inaudibility and over-emphasis of the semi-amateur.

Not only are the clothes of *The Duenna* good. There is at the Lyric, Hammersmith, a knowledge of how to wear the garments of 1770 or thereabouts, and in this theatre a wig can be put on without it giving the wearer the impression that the only period represented is the early poodle period.

"Jack o' Lantern."

Two types of play instantly rouse, I fear, something antagonistic in me. One is a play in which somebody has committed a murder or something of the sort and the identity of a key-character has to remain a mystery until the very end, when he proves to be someone one does not suspect and does not care a hoot about, anyway. The second is a play in the title of which the word "of" is printed as "o'." *Jack o' Jingles, Peg o' My Heart*, and many others I disliked with horrible intensity. And perhaps if we talked of *Two Gentlemen o' Verona*, and *The Passing o' the Third Floor Back*, they would be found equally objectionable.

It is unfortunate in some ways, therefore, that *Jack o' Lantern*, the new play at Wyndham's, suffers from both these disabilities. Yet much could have been forgiven had it been a good specimen of its type instead of a feeble and unconvincing one. Mr. Edward Willard tried to make us shudder—I could not quite gather what we were to shudder about—but the authors were against him. There was a touch of Jekyll and Hyde somewhere, and there was also a preposterous German detective. The secret, such as it was, was revealed before it should have been, with the result that all that occurred subsequently fell flat. However, the idea that a murderer should be able, even after he has been executed, to compel in some mysterious way a human agent to work his vengeance on those who found him guilty, has ingenious possibilities. That the authors have not been sufficiently ingenious with it is the main trouble and that the acting is, for the most part, not up to standard is another drawback.

"THE CHURCH MOUSE" AT THE PLAYHOUSE: Sir Gerald du Maurier as the Viennese banker and Miss Leonora Bonda in the title-rôle. The banker keeps business and pleasure far apart and ultimately marries this highly efficient secretary. Miss Bonda is a welcome actress from the Continent

BANKERS BOTH: Sir Gerald du Maurier (right) with Mr. Spencer Trevor. The former portrays a financial genius, the latter somewhat of a "guinea-pig" director who fulfils the ancient rôle of "Charles's friend." Sir Gerald's part exploits his linguistic facility and felicity

"AUTUMN CROCUS"

The Successful Play by an ex-Actress and a Present Business-woman at the Lyric

THE SPIRIT OF TYROL: Mr. Francis Lederer as the romantic innkeeper. On right are Miss May Agate and Mr. Frederick Ranalow, the cheery and noisy gay couple at the inn

HERO AND HEROINE: Miss Fay Compton receives the passionate addresses of Mr. Francis Lederer on the mountains of Tyrol. The theme of the play revolves round the infatuation of a staid English school teacher out of her first youth for the flamboyantly romantic Carinthian innkeeper. They meet at dawn on the hill-side—a beautiful stage setting

MODERNITY AND CONVENTION: The Vicar (Mr. George Zucco) confronted, to his dismay, by Mr. Jack Hawkins and Miss Tandy, who represent a couple in the throes of a trial, or companionate, marriage—two characters who add much to the gaiety of the play

IN SEARCH OF UNMENTIONABLES: Miss Muriel Aked (whose performance is a gem) tries to telephone for her lost luggage

LOVE MAKES HANDS CLUMSY: Mr. Lederer, under the influence of his emotions for Miss Fay Compton, spills the soup over her travelling companion, Miss Martita Hunt, whose influence is most unsympathetically anti-Lederer in the final act, despite his skill in his business as an hôtelier

THE BLOOM OF THE AUTUMN CROCUS: Mr. Lederer embraces Miss Compton—to the delight of the "companionate marriage" couple—Mr. Hawkins and Miss Tandy

HAIL OR FAREWELL? The curtain of the final act. The audience is left to wonder whether the romance of an illicit union with an Austrian inn-keeper will prevail over the traditional standards of an English teacher not in her first youth supported by the strictures of her travelling companion

PRINCE ALBERT HUMANIZED

A Tragedy of Semi-Genius and Other Literary Matters

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

If I were prepared to give advice, the distribution of which is the most cautious thing about me, I would advise the aspirant to literary honours carefully to survey the field and reflect upon the crop it will best nourish. Novel writing is frequently chosen because any mediocre mind devoid of scholarship and possessed of little save assiduity can express itself in that dangerously loose form; the difficulties are so hidden that the garrulous rush in where the thoughtful fear to write. Biography offers a fascinating opening to the writer who has time, patience, and judgment. It has built up the reputation of many of the foremost writers of the younger school. Philip Guedalla, Harold Nicholson, Lytton Strachey, Michael Sadleir, Edmund Blunden, to name a few, have wisely secured monopolies in famous characters. Queen Victoria is Mr. Strachey's property, just as Trollope is owned by Mr. Sadleir, and John Clare by Mr. Blunden.

Mr. Strachey, such the potency of a pen dipped in some liquid that is the reverse of spirits of lemon, since it brings out rather than takes out the stains on the threadbare garments of Victorian respectability, has brought back an interest in the age of gas-lighting, crinolines, and horsehair furniture. We are beginning to suspect that all was not humbug between the side-whiskers of our grandfathers and the side-elastics of our grandmothers. It has remained for Mr. Frank Chancellor to make a first appearance in the field with a book, *Prince Consort* (P. Allen. 21s.), that has the audacity and scholarship to maintain that Albert was good—and goodness only knows what Albert knew, namely, that a wife in hand was worth two on a throne.

Since the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, the Prince Consort saw that his cradle was always full; outwardly his wife could do the ruling, privately he was the master of his own home. We are at last beginning to credit him with being an excellent master. Mr. Frank Chancellor is not a pioneer in the field; others have ponderously gone before him, with full facts and set opinions. Their well-meaning eulogies finished the poor Prince. The public, irritated by this effigy of the pleasant husband at home, and the frightful prig at Court, felt like the small boy who saw the prize-winning prodigy parading in his Sunday best, "Aw, let's give him a kick in the pants!" So ever since the Albert Memorial went up the Prince Consort has been kicked down. But we are changing so rapidly that some of us dare confess to finding more genius in the Albert Memorial than in the Epstein Genesis. If our statuary must stimulate masochism I prefer the symbols of Empire to those of the Umbilicus.

Mr. Chancellor writes well, as one would expect of the son of E. Beresford Chancellor, our greatest authority on London, and he has a judicial gift in his summing-up of the character of the Prince. He is detached, fair, and when necessary, courageous. His prose, like his mind, is practical, he omits no detail that affects the portrait, allows no colour that falsifies the sombre face of truth. I always maintain that biographies should give financial details. When I read of Browning dying in the sumptuous Palazzo Rezzonico I want to know how he found the money to buy it. One is certain that the Prince Consort was shrewd when one learns from Mr. Chancellor that the income from the Duchy of Cornwall was £16,000 when he took it over and had risen to £60,000 when he relinquished it; also that in twenty years as a Queen's Consort he accumulated a fortune of half-a-million without being charged with rapacity or meanness.

The man who could make money grow like that was clearly the man to make a success of the Great Exhibition. His sense of beauty and duty was often at fault, his sense of income and interest never. Mr. Chancellor points out that almost his last act was to save us from a war with the dis-United States of America.

The book has many delightful sketches. There is not a dull or extravagant page in this admirably lively portrait of a man whom history has contrived to present as a nonentity.

People who live in Lutyens houses can afford to throw stones at those in Bohemia, but *Savage Messiah*, by H. S. Ede (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), often brings one to the verge of tears for the homeless dogs of the Arts. This book, compiled from letters, with explanatory notes, is the incredible love story of the sculptor, Gandier-Brzeska. The opening sentence sets the key of this Rhapsody in Artistic Blues.

"Sophie Suzanne Brzeska and Henri Gandier met for the first time at the St. Geneviève library in Paris during the early part of 1910. It was the strange meeting of two people with violent temperaments, widely different in age and experience, utterly unsuited to each other, and yet destined to live together for the next five years, and in the end to die violently as they had lived, the one on the battle-field, the other in a mad-house."

The Polish woman was thirty-eight: the French youth eighteen. They joined their names, they were married in every sense except the actual one, and sometimes asserted that in the face of reproof. If you dislike reading about unbalanced, untidy people, avoid this book. Here is sordidness, a sordidness of packing-case furniture, bed-bugs, drunken landladies and empty stomachs. What an odyssey of suffering can be enacted just round the corner, behind that third-floor back-window glimpsed from a bus! They were crazy, unfit for society, with a half-genius that brought them nothing but hope and payment deferred, and yet what nobility flowers in this singular history of a love between a heart-starved woman and a stomach-starved youth. If you wonder how the poor lived—in pre-dole days—read this book and learn that they did not live, that they drew nourishment from dreams, and strength from the passion of despair. They were earth-wanderers, gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars, in Thompson's phrase, the only gold that touched them, until the pitiful closing story of the four gold sovereigns. From the Front he sent home four sovereigns for the lonely woman in London.

They were meant for food, but she starved to keep them as souvenirs; then, during an aberration, the police placed her in an infirmary, took away the four gold sovereigns, and gave her paper in their place. In vain she beseeched their return; it strained her sanity, became one of the trials of her life. The end of the story is remorseless. Gandier was killed in the war, just before writing to say that, when he returned, he wished to marry her. Her letter crossed his, in which, feeling desolate, she reproached him. She wrote again, with new hopes for their future happiness. She delayed posting the letter. Then the news came of his death, and it was never posted.

And so the end. This is a strange, moving story of human suffering in a half light of sanity, touched by the gleam of genius and the fire of passion.

Mr. Tom Clarke was one of Lord Northcliffe's young men, and tells the story of his association with that erratic figure during the last two decades of his life. *My Northcliffe Diary* (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.). Since Mr. Clarke's diary deals with the last phase of the Napoleon of Fleet Street, we learn nothing of the rise from obscurity of this master of the herd instinct. Nevertheless the figure presented is astonishing enough. His utter ruthlessness is again revealed, but there was another side, of unlimited generosity, to this unsleeping Fury of Fleet Street.

He surrounded himself with young men, harassed them by telephone by day or night; sent them across the Atlantic in millionaire suites or to the Riviera in sumptuous villas, created them knights, or sacked them with a peremptory note. Only men with a curious blend of subservience and tenacity could tolerate him, but his capacity to command dominated the field. He could make even Mr. Churchill "ginger up" a book review, and he only once met his Waterloo in Mr. Lloyd George. Perhaps the greatest fact that emerges from this frank readable book is that Northcliffe commanded loyalties. When he died in the wooden hut on the top of his house in Carlton Gardens his staff was in tears. Mr. Tom Clarke has presented a vivid figure that justifies the legend his name evoked.

Mr. Robert Byron has visited India and has written a book about it; *An Essay on India* (Routledge. 5s.). I know nothing of India, and doubt whether Mr. Byron does, and I find myself in strong disagreement with his belittlement of the great achievement of his fellow countrymen, but all this does not alter the fact that his book is vivid and readable from cover to cover. He has a definite point of view, fearless honesty, and a gift of trenchant expression. The book is therefore vital despite its serious limitations and racial bias. Had Mr. Byron stayed twice as long he would probably have quite reversed his position, and have made out a case as vigorous and brilliant as this he now presents.

Mr. F. S. Oliver's method of writing history is best illustrated by the fact that allhis chapter headings begin with "How" or "Concerning." In this second volume, *The Endless Adventure* (Macmillan. 15s.), he deals with the years 1727–35; the accession of George II, and the Walpole-Bolingbroke feud. Mr. Oliver is an historian who believes that history should be interesting as well as informative, and he has the great art of maintaining suspense. His style has the utmost simplicity, and invests this dull period of the national growth with compelling charm. It is somewhat startling to learn that George's first act as a king was a felony. He tore up a will and made himself liable for penal servitude for life. But the liabilities of kings have often been declared as their best assets.

"HALF-WAY": An Autobiography by Cecil Roberts

(Hutchinson and Co.). 10s. 6d.

(As Mr. Roberts could scarcely write a review of his own book, "The Sphere" presents the following *critique* by another hand)

The wrapper of a new book nowadays is a pregnant document, not a dust-sheet. Purporting to be a précis, it is more often a puff of the volume it covers and is in consequence not seldom of more service to a busy reviewer than to the author and publisher. Tired of a superfluity of loosely-strung *Memoirs*, I owe a debt to the wrapper of Mr. Cecil Roberts' autobiography *Half-way*. That word "autobiography" caught my eye; it led me to study the précis; the précis encouraged me to the book within—and I became not only a reviewer but an admiring reader of *Half-way*. Great risks attend the writing of autobiography. It is so plaguy difficult to avoid self-consciousness and boring humility on one side and tiresome egotism on the other. A genius (like Winston Churchill) may lash his helm and come roaring through. The majority of autobiographists pile up on Scylla or Charybdis. Trollope steered cleverly through, although he damaged his literary reputation for a generation. Mr. Roberts, I consider, has gone one better, with longer odds against success, for he is an autobiographist at thirty-five, a fact which prompts a personal apology. But the author of *Scissors* and other remembered novels has learned his trade in a hard school. He knows how to tell a story, while Chance and a natural zest for experience and adventure have splashed his palette with all the colours in life's paint box which the brush of a magnificent memory has transferred to his canvas.

Half-Way is no hash of reminiscences of famous personages, dragged in by force or worse; it is the story of a young man's struggles, his spiritual reactions, his illusions and disillusionment, his mental and material ups and downs. If once or twice the journalist snatches the pen from the hands of the literary man, the book as a whole is conceived and executed according to an ordered plan, preserving to the end its design, continuity, and inspiration. Serious contributions to literature can be produced by no other method.

And how kaleidoscopic are Mr. Roberts' memories of the last twenty years! The budding poet doomed to hack work, the usher panting for literary fame, the journalist insinuating a determined boot against the closing doors of editorial offices. The war experiences of a boy on sea, in the air, and on land. And at this point I read with more critical interest, for I found that Mr. Roberts and I passed side by side through two or three unique experiences in the closing stages of the War. He, even as I, witnessed the informal reunion of the Belgian Royal Family with the Government, the Cardinal, and the stout-hearted Burgomaster Max. He, too, is able to describe—and far better than I—that golden day in Brussels, a red-letter day in truth in the most crowded and colourful life. He, too, "happened on" a first Armistice celebration in a Belgian town. He, too, was in Spa before the Germans had gone from it; he, too, entered Cologne ahead of our troops.

The War Correspondent became in turn, editor, novelist, lecturer. He stood for Parliament and covered Europe and America in his travels, always in search of colour rather than copy. His mind travelled as well as his body. In his frank and pleasant autobiography (which neither conceals nor drags in) he makes that fact clear. He provides more meat on every page than we are accustomed to expect in a chapter; he is generous without being fulsome, critical without being smart or ill-natured; and, as he reveals himself, he successfully sustains our interest without sacrifice of truth. A very readable book, indeed I go farther—a book to buy.

J. G.

Recommended List

Post-Mortem, *by Noel Coward* **(Heinemann, Ltd. 5s. net).**—A serious play of remarkable stagecraft and detestable characters. Excellent satire, an excursion in social chaos.

Hidden Wealth and Hiding People, *by Michael Terry* **(Putnam. 15s. net).**—A vivid motor tour among the blacks of Central Australia.

Welcome to All and His, *by D. B. Wyndham Lewis* **(Methuen. 5s. net).**—A collection by that irrepressible and wholly supportable humorist.

Four in the Family, *by Humphrey Pakington* **(Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net).**—A novel of delightful humour, and Midland County hunting of County-hunting Midlanders.

Castle Island, *by R. H. Mottram* **(Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net).**—Back in the folds of the delightful Dormer ménage. This is the younger branch, Stephen, son of Doughty Dormer. A charming third volume in the Dormer trilogy.

Framed in an Arm: *A typical method of carrying water in Amalfi*

Quasi-Hellenic: *A water-carrier in Amalfi in a purely classic pose*

The Perfection of Balance

In the small towns of Italy, if one is to judge by appearances, the spirit of standardization has not had much success. It is sufficient, for proof, to take the example of Amalfi, the little town on the Sorrentine coast. There, individual initiative, while not scorning the practical, cannot forget the æsthetic, nor can it content itself with one manner of performing even the simplest tasks.

Take, for example, their manner of carrying burdens, including water. There are three different vessels in which to carry water, and three different ways in which they may be carried, ways which bear a strict relationship to the form of the vessel.

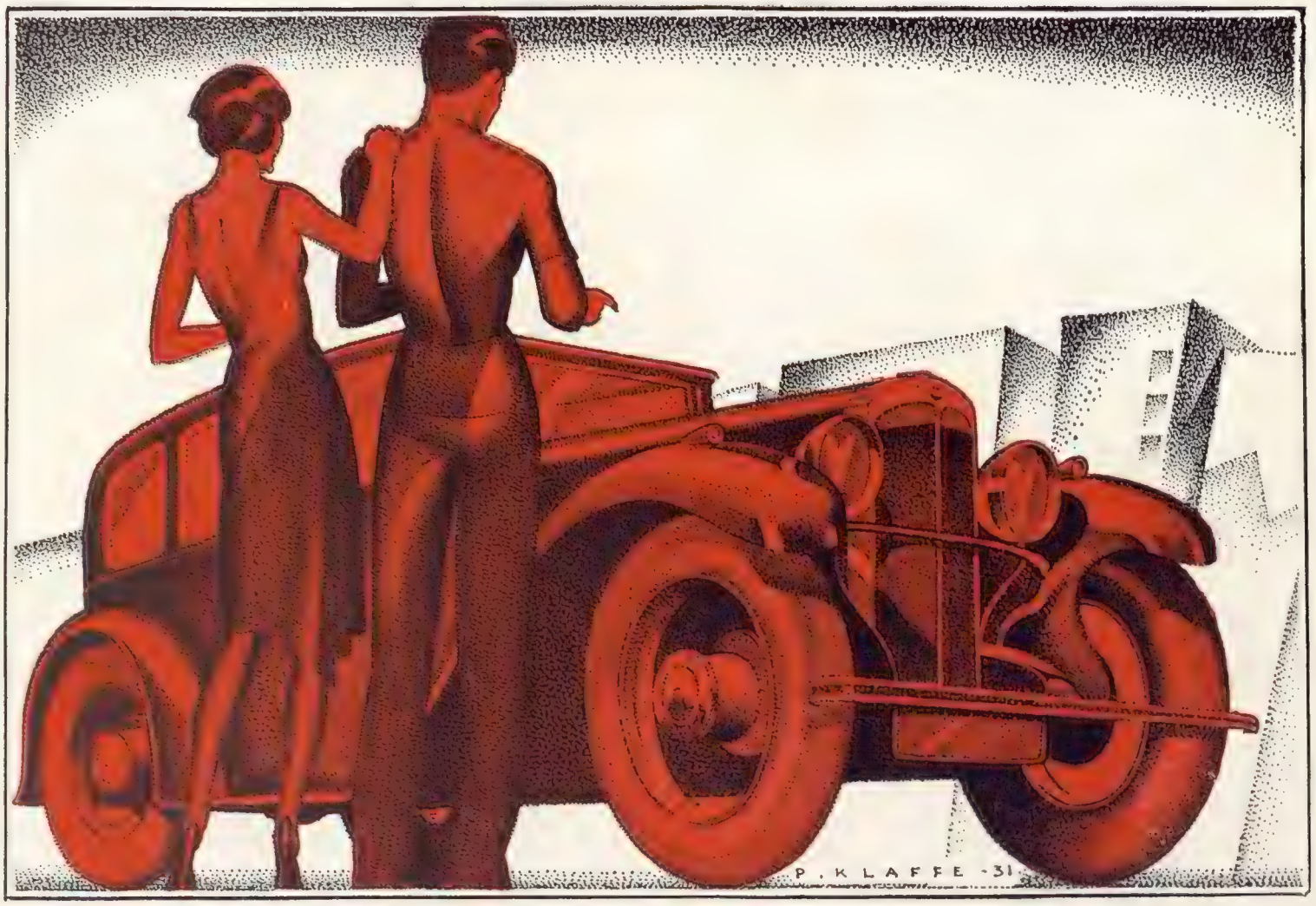
Here is a woman of lively aspect, who has her arms raised, in the attitude of a woman on a Greek vase, in order to balance, on her firm shoulders, the amphor-shaped bottle. This style, besides assuring a perfect balance, produces a movement refreshingly free and reveals an æsthetic taste of the first order.

Here is another who, after placing on her right shoulder a little square pad of brightly coloured material, places thereon a large vessel of shining copper which she balances with her upraised left arm and hand, thus framing her magnificent young head, while the other arm is pressed firmly against her haunch. The effect of these carefully studied but harmonious movements is to give to her aspect a statuesque majesty.

If a larger amount of water is required the man carries it. Here is one, walking rhythmically, with a little barrel which is posed solidly against a sort of cushion, formed by a sack filled with sand and worn on the head, like a toboggan. Thus, the sand-cushion rests on the neck, and the barrel, which is pressed against it, is secured in front by a string passed in the two extremities of the barrel, and firmly held in both hands. Again there is a woman carrying a basket of oranges in much the same manner as the man with the barrel. The same sack, which gives a strange and almost Egyptian aspect to the woman, sustains the large basket. But the movement of the arms differs in a carefully studied manner. The right arm holds the handle of the basket, and the left arm holds like a lever the wrist of the right, which gives balance to the burden and satisfaction to the beholder, for the head remains delightfully framed by the two arches of uplifted arms.

The Beauty of Equilibrium

MODERN ITALIAN LIFE *recorded by* L. FERRI



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THE WORLD OF WOMEN

WOMEN *of* TO-DAY

THE WRITER: Miss Rebecca West

The entrance hall in Miss Rebecca West's flat in Portman Square has been converted into a study. The walls and ceiling are painted a light apple green and the woodwork and bookshelves have been painted silver. A mirror table completes the modern scheme of green and silver

On the roof above the flat is an elaborate roof garden complete with a sunken pond, which commands superb views over London

Rebecca West is undoubtedly one of the most exciting personalities of to-day. Witty, provocative, intensely human, with a frighteningly brilliant mind, even if she had never written a line, Rebecca West's personality would have thrust fame upon her.

Miss Rebecca West, whose brilliant work and caustic tongue have made her a power in literary London

In 1911 a young girl of eighteen came to London. She wanted to be an actress, and studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for a time. Her name was Miss Cecily Fairfield, and her family lived in Edinburgh. She had always wanted to write and had published poems when she was fourteen. So when she was acting in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*, she liked the name of Ibsen's heroine, Rebecca West, and took it as her pseudonym.

I was told all this as we wandered about Miss West's new flat in Portman Square. In those days as now, Rebecca West was an ardent feminist and keenly interested in the Suffragette movement. "I edited *The Freewoman* with Dora Marsden," she told me, "then I became Literary Editor of *The Egoist*—a literary paper subsequently edited in turn by Richard Aldington and T. S. Eliot."

Rebecca West, apart from her work as a novelist and journalist, is famous as one of the most brilliant and discerning of modern critics, so it is only natural that her first book should have been a book of criticism. "In 1915 I published a book on Henry James, then a few years later I wrote my first novel, *The Return of the Soldier*. After that came *The Judge*, another novel in 1922," she told me.

When I asked Miss West how she worked she replied: "I try to work regularly every morning from about ten o'clock to one, and then again in the afternoon. . . ." Then she said laughingly, "I have never known anyone who really wrote well who enjoyed it." Talking of the popular idea of writers and how they live, she went on to say, "I myself have never known any good writer who really made sacrifices for his art." Later, referring to the way in which she worked, Miss West remarked. "I like to hear music in the distance when I am writing, and for this reason I frequently turn on the wireless when I am working."

Unlike many intellectual women, Rebecca West has a marvellous sense of humour, she can be intensely enthusiastic over the charming everyday things of life, and she can laugh at herself. And with her Dionysiac mane of hair and bright eyes, which always seem to hold a touch of mockery in them, she is fascinating and attractive as a woman. And she can tell gossip better than anybody I know. No wonder people fear that low, gentle voice that with a twist of the tongue can make the whole world look ridiculous.

When I last saw Miss West she was busy settling into the new flat which she and her husband—in private life she is Mrs. Henry Andrews—have just taken, and she was far more preoccupied with the arrangement of her lovely drawing-room with its Regency furniture and her modern green and silver lounge, than with literature. But during frequent hectic consultations with workmen we managed to discuss most of her views on her own work as a writer and critic.

"My favourite among my own books is *Harriet Hume*," she told me. "I want to write lots of novels but I never seem to have time to do them," she sighed.

Talking about the play John Van Druten made out of her book, *The Return of the Soldier*, she said, "I don't want to write plays. I think the theatre is such a heart-break house."

People, when they accuse Miss West of having a cruel tongue, forget that she, like many other well-known women to-day, had to battle through the incredible prejudices that faced women before the War, and which led to the savage treatment of the Suffragettes. Brilliant, courageous, vital, and essentially feminine, Rebecca West and her talents burn like a flame against the somewhat arid ranks of worthy English-women novelists.

Derek Patmore

The FRANCO-DUTCH STYLE *in* FURNITURE

By GEORGE TREMAINE

The student of period furniture will have little difficulty as a rule in distinguishing between the productions of France and Holland, and in tracing the respective influence of the two countries on the work of our own craftsmen subsequent to the Restoration. Occasionally, however, one comes across a piece which exhibits traces of the two styles so forcibly that its origin is attended with some perplexity.

The walnut arm-chair here shown affords an excellent example of this fusion of styles. It will be noticed that, while the feeling and ornamentation are unmistakably French, the familiar serpentine stretcher with its central finial, as well as the "bun" feet, here embellished with a certain amount of carving, are pronounced characteristics of the Dutch style.

The chair is the work of Daniel Marot, a celebrated French Huguenot, born in 1661, who, as architect, engraver, landscape gardener, and designer of furniture, exercised considerable influence over his generation. The work of Marot is well worthy of attention not only as illustrating the peculiar transitional style with which his name became identified, but as showing how largely form in domestic furniture has been influenced by the changeful events of national history.

A William and Mary period walnut armchair magnificently carved, in beautiful original condition. Note the finish of the back legs with Corinthian capitals. It is the work of Daniel Marot

In our own country we shall find these great impulses have sprung almost invariably from a foreign source, often from some seemingly irrelevant happening. Thus the great classic revival of the late eighteenth century associated with the name of Robert Adam was inspired by the discoveries at Pompeii some years previously. Similarly in the previous century it was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV in 1685 which had the most far-reaching effects on English furniture.

The effect of that unjust measure was to compel vast numbers of Huguenots to seek refuge on these shores. The Huguenots held in their hands the arts and crafts of their country. The influx of such a body of skilled workers was of incalculable value to this country. It is estimated that within the space of twenty years no less than 80,000 silk weavers and textile workers landed in England.

Daniel Marot, who had worked under such masters as Jean le Pautre and André Boulle, held a high place among the Huguenots. He emigrated first to Holland, where he entered the service of the Prince of Orange. When the Prince came to this country as William III, he brought Marot with him and made him one of his architects and Master of the Works.

Much of Marot's work may be seen at Hampton Court, William's favourite palace, where he designed many of the mirrors, beds, guéridons, and chimney-pieces. He is seen at his best, however, in Holland, notably in the Great Hall for the States General at The Hague, where his genius had full play.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN—(cont.)

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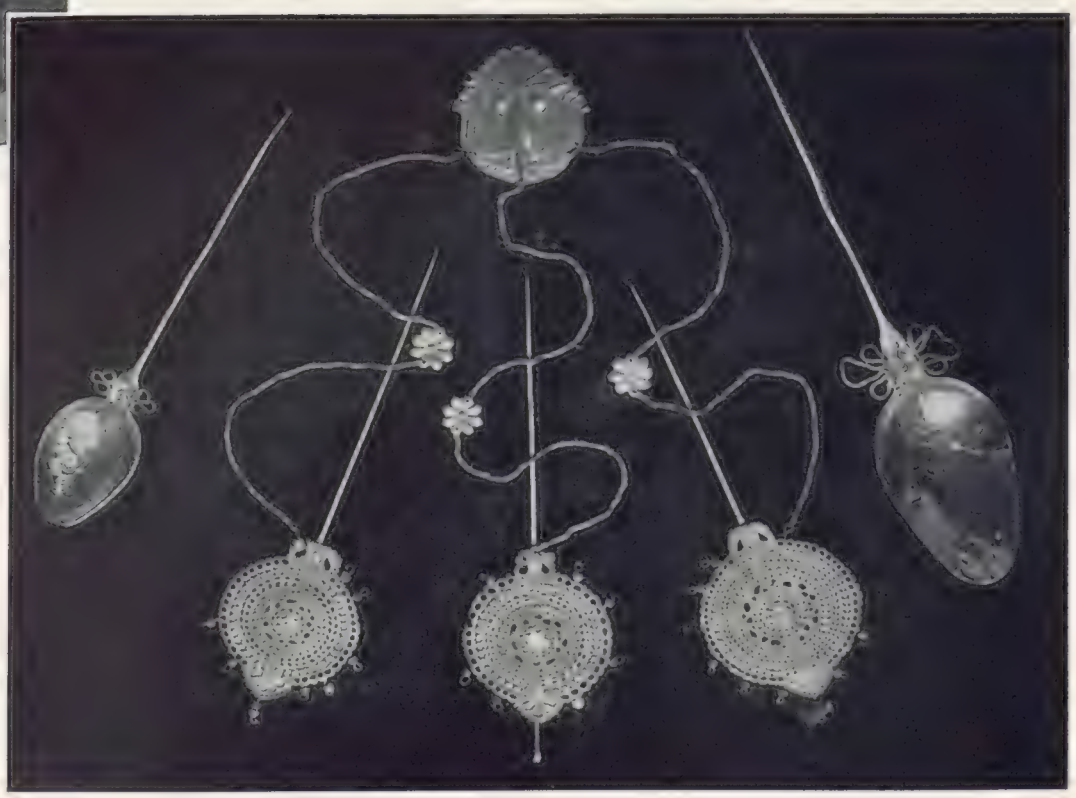
MATÉ POTS: Silver-ware from a South American collection — the only one of its kind



EATING SPOONS — From a unique collection specially photographed for "The Sphere"

The famous beverage to which the Prince of Wales and his brother have been introduced on their South American tour had already become fashionable in Britain before the royal brothers left the country. Maté—or South American "tea"—is a drink that is still fairly expensive to buy and still unusual to see on the bill of fare in any restaurants. Many British have been introduced to its undoubtedly pleasant taste and excellent tonic properties on one or other of the vessels plying between South America and this country, catering for those who will demand it as they return from the lands where it is the usual drink.

Of especial interest, however, to the British housewife (who increasingly takes an almost scientific interest in the properties of the foods and drinks she provides) is the manner in which maté is served, and the utensils which are in common usage in its native land.

We call it "maté tea" and in that are incorrect; it is the pot in which the beverage is served that goes by the name of *maté* (a two-syllable word, of course !), and the correct name of the drink is Yerba or *Paraguayan tea*. Here illustrated you see the only photographs of what is perhaps the only collection in Britain of these maté pots; these are the original pure silver hand-beaten "gourds," the handiwork of the South American Indians, untutored in "art" and (as the devices on the pots show) naïve observers from nature. The tube through which the drink is taken is called by the rather delightful name *bombilla*.

Maté can be made like ordinary tea and drunk plain or with milk and sugar or with lemon; it can also, of course, be drunk and used medicinally. The illustrations show the real traditional and historic maté pots—the *bombilla* with its flat little mouthpiece is included, and the definite gourd-shape of the silver containers is obvious. It is also of added artistic interest to see that these maté pots, hand-beaten by natives, are taken in design direct from nature and, being pure silver with no stiffening alloy, they are soft as to be almost pliable.

Notice, on the double maté pot, the gourd that is upheld by naturalistic leaves, with its design of a horse's head and the two containers at the base, one for the tea leaves and the other for sugar; while the *bombilla* in the smaller bowl is the same in design and used in all these various types of maté pots. The plain pot of the poor household and the more ornate double pot of the richer household are still in use in America of to-day, and can in certain cases be procured in England and used for the correct serving of the new drink.

SMALLER MATÉ POTS: These are gourd-shaped, in pure silver. Each of these — hand-beaten dates back to the times of the Indian craftsmen

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ARD HO!

by Torquay, Newquay, Devon

literally an unlimited choice of accommodation for its visitors.

From Torquay excursions can be made to picturesque Brixham, Berry Head, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and, of course, Dartmoor, which lies almost at one's door with its wonderful expanse of purple heather and golden gorse and huge tors, the latter on many a day piercing the clouds themselves. Dartmoor is well worth exploring, and an excellent method of doing this is to stay at Moreton Hampstead Hotel, formerly a manor house, from which one can go over Dartmoor in almost every direction and easily reach the various beauty spots and quaint villages.

Teignmouth has come into great favour as a seaside resort in recent years and, situated as it is amid delightful scenery and possessing good sands, offers many attractions to the average holiday-maker. It stands on the tidal estuary of the Teign, which runs up into the picturesque countryside very much as do the Norwegian and Danish fjords. Formerly the port was a great smuggling place and was also the prey of French pirates who came across the Channel in ancient times and attacked, plundered, and burnt the place. The modern and residential portion of the town stretches inward along the coast and skirts the pleasant and cheerful promenade known as the Den, in front of which there is an excellent bathing beach crowded in summer by happy holiday-makers.

The picturesque and old-time harbour lies behind the Den, and it is here that what history the town possesses is made. Nowadays there is a long bridge joining Teignmouth with the little village of Shaldon, not far from which is the famous smuggling cove known as "Labrador," which is reached by a very beautiful walk. At Teignmouth there are the usual amusements, and a pavilion at the end of the little pier and also on the Den where concerts and entertainments are given. There are also an 18-hole golf course and tennis courts.

The beauty of Dartmouth is well known, for is it not situated on one of Devon's most lovely and historic streams? There one has what is undoubtedly the most beautiful harbour of the West Country, almost land-locked; on the west bank of the river stands the town with a fine approach from the sea and an anchorage which makes it a very favourite place for yachtsmen. At the entrance of the harbour is St. Petrox' Tower, and on the wooded heights above the town rises the church of St. Clement. Dartmouth is a very ancient place known even to the Romans, and the castle standing on the right bank of the river was built in the reign of Edward IV.

A little way up the river stands Greenway House, where Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the discoverer of Newfoundland, was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and this house was for some time occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh, and tradition says that the first pipe of tobacco to be smoked in England was smoked here.

The chief attractions of Dartmouth are the quaintness of the town, from which Chaucer made his sailor, one of the Canterbury pilgrims, hail. The town has wonderfully preserved its air of ancient times, for beautiful old-timbered houses still grace its narrow streets, and in the Butter Walk one has some of the most picturesque survivals with projecting upper stories supported on richly-carved wooden pillars, the whole forming an arcaded way of singular interest and charm.

Here, in a richly-panelled room adorned with the royal arms carved in the ancient oak, Charles II is said to have held his court when at Dartmouth. St. Saviour's Church, too, is worth seeing. The chief attractions for holiday-makers, in the way of amusements, are undoubtedy boating up the Dart, tennis, and bowls. And a good service of the Western National Road motors connect Dartmouth with many of the surrounding beauty spots, so it is quite a good centre for excursions.

Still farther westward one has among favoured resorts those of Kingsbridge, Plymouth—in reality a much more attractive place than is generally thought—quiet and picturesque little Looe, and charming Fowey with a harbour almost rivalling that of Dartmouth for beauty and picturesqueness, and with memories of *Troy Town*, and other excellent novels by "Q," under which disguise Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, who lives at a charming house at Fowey, writes.

THE NORTH COAST OF THE DUCHY: A view of Newquay, one of the most popular (and deservedly popular) Cornish resorts

...illage in the glorious moorland for which ... famous

In north Devon there are a number of delightful resorts including Ilfracombe, known as "the Mecca of honeymooners," amid some of the most beautiful scenery of North Devon, and now a very popular and up-to-date watering-place; Mortehoe with its famous church and fine beach; Braunton, which has the distinction of being the largest village in England, situated at the foot of a beautiful wooded combe, and at Croyde Bay possessing some of the most wonderful sands in any part of England. Here there is plenty of fishing and a fine golf course close by at Saunton. Within easy reach one has Woolacombe with its famous sands—an ideal family resort with opportunities for shrimping and prawning, and a wonderful sea beach and magnificent stretch of sand for bathing and surf-riding, a fine eighteen-hole golf course, and beautiful scenery in the immediate neighbourhood.

South and west is Newquay, which is one of the most popular resorts in the Duchy. Romantic in its associations, for it is in the Arthurian country, it offers to its visitors excellent hotels and all the amenities of a modern watering place.

Tennis, golf, the best of bathing, and the Cornish climate render it an ideal holiday centre from which many delightful trips can be made.

From all the places just mentioned many beauty spots including Lynton and Lynmouth, Porlock, Instow, Westward Ho, and Clovelly are easily reached, and farther up the Bristol Channel one has beautiful Minehead set amid its well-wooded cliffs.

Clive Holland

IN THE EYE OF THE SUN

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KING'S CROSS for SCOTLAND

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE BRI

Scotland, Wales, Bour

Scotland even in Spring has many attractions for the holiday-maker, for it is difficult elsewhere within the British Isles to find scenery of such grandeur and variety, or to discover within a like space so many historic places and beautifully situated towns. True it is that the Scottish border is a place where the hills rear their foreheads to the morn, and have a glamour and a beauty that it is difficult adequately to describe, but which never fails to enchant. A panorama of hills and dales, lochs and streams, tortuously winding highways, widespread moorlands and pine forests await all who travel in Scotland on holiday.

Naturally the capital, Edinburgh, that charming city, claims one's first attention and, indeed, proves a most admirable holiday centre from which to visit beauty spots and historic places such as the Falls of Clyde, historic Stirling, the Braes of Yarrow, Melrose, Abbotsford, and some of the wonderful castles in the immediate vicinity.

THE SPA OF THE WEST: The Promenade at Cheltenham

Edinburgh may surely claim to rank high among the beautiful cities of the world. Sir Walter Scott called it "Mine own romantic town," and indeed romance is associated with almost every stone of old Edinburgh, which has for centuries been the centre of Scottish national life. Distinguished by beauty of situation and environment, built upon hills and with hills all round it, it has a modern elegance which never fails to strike the visitor immediately on his arrival. But it is certainly because of its history and romance that Edinburgh exercises an allure over everyone. What a wonderful street is Princes Street, with its magnificent buildings facing lovely gardens, and the castle, just across them, rising a grim and historic pile ! Then there are the slopes of the Calton Hill, on the crest of which stands the tower raised as a monument to Lord Nelson, and also a reproduction of the classic Parthenon. Bevond the Calton Hills rises Arthur's Seat, while to the south lie the Braid Hills and the great mass of the Pentlands.

In Edinburgh most of the centres of interest are within easy radius of the Princes Street Station. There are the High Street and the Canongate with its old houses, pends, and closes which have seen much history. One of them, Writers' Close, figures in *Guy Mannering*, and nearby is Craigs' Close, where the first editions of the *Waverley Novels* were printed. Covenant Close is, indeed, historic, and Dunbar Close housed Cromwell's soldiers in bygone times. The old Tolbooth and John Knox house nearby are characteristic of old Edinburgh.

The two most imposing buildings of the city are Parliament House and the cathedral dedicated to St. Giles, part of which goes back to the twelfth century. It is a fine example of Scottish architecture and contains the tombs of the Houses of Argyll and Montrose, and tattered flags of famous Scottish regiments.

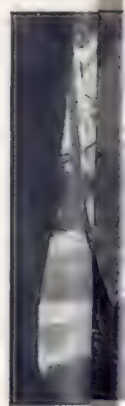
Everyone, we think, goes to the castle and sees Mon's Meg, an enormous gun with a wonderful history, one of the earliest cannon ever forged. Mary Queen of Scots' rooms, and the Armoury containing a splendid collection of antiques are also to be seen. And lastly there is the Scottish Regalia, consisting of the Crown, the Orb, the Sceptre, and a Sword of State. It was for these that Cromwell's men searched high and low. They were saved by a parish minister and his wife, who concealed them under a kirk pulpit ! Holyrood Palace, with all its history and romance that stirs the blood and associated with Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Darnley, Rizzio, and Bonnie Prince Charlie, attracts many visitors.

Stirling and its historic castle are easily visited from Edinburgh, and one gets on the way beautiful views of the links of Forth. At Stirling, from the walls of its historic castle, which Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1745 failed to capture, one gets wonderful views extending to Ben Lomond, Ben Arthur, Ben Venue, Ben Voirlich, and the green-mantled Ochil Hills under the shadow of which towards the north lies that most popular holiday resort especially with golfers, Gleneagles.

Wallace's Tower on Abbey Craig, just outside Stirling, is a landmark for many miles around and is one of the most elaborate monuments in Scotland. It commemorates Sir William Wallace who, before the days of Bruce, defeated the English at the Battle of Stirling Bridge in 1297. The tower contains his sword, and some beautiful stained-glass windows in the heraldic designs of which one can trace much Scottish history.

Near by Stirling is the famous spa at the Bridge of Allan, a very popular resort especially in summer, and from this centre one can easily reach Callender, the gateway to the Trossachs, and from there visit that delightful region itself.

Crieff and Balquhidder with their beautiful surroundings and Loch Earn should not be overlooked by holiday - makers, and those who can spare the time will find much of interest in the far north at Inverness. Thirty miles or so north of Perth is Kirriemuir, the birthplace of Sir James Barrie, and not far from a lovely glen, watered by the Garry, is historic Glamis Castle, the former Scottish home of the Duchess of York.



HIGHL... beauti... Pitlo...

It is true that it is rather a far cry from Scotland to Gloucestershire, but there are many holiday-makers at this time of year wh... do not go far afield for whom a famo... spa such as that of Cheltenham pr... sents many attractions. It is one ... the most notable resorts among the En... lish spas and delightfully situated. ... the time of the discovery of its wonder... curative waters in 1737, Cheltenham w... only an obscure village on the slopes ... the lovely Cotswolds. It might ha... been that it would have grown into ... town of "patches," but fortunately t... character of the architecture prevail... at the period immediately following ... discovery was such as to produce a to... of singular dignity and charm.

Here one has be... tiful tree-lined prom... nades and many op... spaces. The Pitvi... Pump Room, a repl... of a classic Athen... temple, the wonder... gardens, and the to... hall all dating from ... Regency period, ... extremely pleasing.

Though Cheltenh... is a spa it must not ... looked upon as a to... given over to the nec... sities of invalids. I... for holiday-makers ... all tastes, and ... facilities for sp... and enjoyment ... amusement of all ...

IN THE SOUTH OF WALES: Pembroke Castle, one of the many ruined keeps scattered throughout the Principality

ISH ISLES

outh, and Cheltenham

are exceptionally good, including tennis, golf, cricket—with an annual cricket week—and also polo. The racecourse is the scene of the race for the National Hunt Cup. Set in a beautiful countryside, which is typical of the scenery for which Gloucestershire is noted, with many lovely and picturesque villages and several historic towns within easy distance, it forms an excellent centre for excursions, and, of course, there are the charming Cotswolds in the immediate neighbourhood. A bright and cheerful town with many open spaces, and possessing in the Promenade one of the most beautiful streets of any English town.

Wales is more and more being recognized by English people, even by those in the comparatively distant Eastern Counties and South and North of England, as offering many attractions for holidays, and certainly Wales has much to offer in the way of beautiful scenery, historic towns and beauty spots. On the North Coast there is a string of seaside resorts which have long been the Meccas of holiday-makers from the Midlands.

Among these Rhyl stands out prominently, and is more and more coming into favour. In Summer as well as Spring the climate is bracing, and snow and frost are very rare in Winter. Its fine sea front, wide and spacious promenade, and well laid out public gardens are not the least of its attractions. There is also a good, sandy bathing-beach, and the recently opened swimming pool has proved a great attraction and is crowded during the holiday season. The new pier, too, is a great asset and here entertainments are given, while Rhyl has facilities for sports and pastimes of all nds including golf, tennis, bathing, oating, fishing, dancing, and motoring. There are a fine pavilion theatre and ball-n, cinemas, and facilities for skating and other attractions. The town, too, is an excellent centre for excursions in North Wales and within easy distance of the towns of St. Asaph, Denbigh, Ruthin, and the beauty spots, Bettws-y-Coed and Llanrwst.

CENERY: A f Scotland, Pitlochry

Llandudno is another favourite holiday resort and one of the most beautiful seaside places in the Principality. It is delightfully situated in a wide bay between the headlands of Great and Little Orme. A special feature of the resort, which boasts a fine promenade and pier, is the Happy Valley close to the latter, a grass-covered dell in which entertainments are given; there is no lack of indoor and outdoor amusements, bathing, tennis, and golf included. There are a theatre, cinemas, and dance halls.

Pembrokeshire takes one to South Wales, and this portion of the Principality has a number of popular and delightful holiday resorts, and is noted for the beauty of its scenery. Among the resorts we have in mind, Tenby stands out prominently as a place distinguished both for individuality and charm. Most of the town stands on a headland, right and left of which are splendid bays, with firm, clean sands for bathing. The south sands extend for several miles along the coast, and there are grass-clad sand dunes bordering them. The little grey stone harbour, into which the fishing boats scurry in bad weather, is very picturesque, and the old town walls — which served Tenby well in ancient times — are a distinctive feature. The ruins of the castle on the headland form an excellent lookout place from which to obtain magnificent views of the coast and waters of the Bristol Channel. There are golf, tennis, bowls, bathing, fishing, and dancing to be had among the amusements, and motor-coach excursions to many places. Nearby is Caldy, often referred to in ancient times as "the Island of Saints." On the island is a Cistercian monastery at which desiring people may stay as guests.

A more primitive and quieter, but charming resort is Saundersfoot, with its thatched cottages covered with jasmine, climbing roses and honeysuckle, and with a good bathing beach and delightful walks along the coast.

One can only mention by name a few of the other pleasant places, for example, Haverfordwest, with the fine bathing beaches of Broad Haven and Little Haven; Manorbier, with its great castle and charming valley leading down to the sea; and Milford Haven of historic interest, and an excellent excursion centre.

Fishguard—the port for the shortest sea route to Rosslare and Ireland—and

A CENTRE OF SOUTH WALES: Fishguard, an excellent centre for exploration

Goodwick are becoming better known as holiday resorts and as centres for exploring a most picturesque and historic corner of Wales. At the former place there is a good hotel set amid woods and thoroughly up to date.

In a survey of holiday possibilities one must not omit the South Coast along which there is no more beautiful or popular holiday resort than Bournemouth, set amid pine trees in the centre of a magnificent bay and with a surrounding countryside, including the New Forest, Hardy's "Wessex," and many beauty spots. Here one finds every form of amusement and recreation provided. A veritable golfer's, motorist's, and holiday-maker's paradise. Its natural beauties, which first brought the town into notice, have been added to by all that modern skill in town designing can bring about. Overcliff Drives, an Undercliff Drive—so sheltered and sunny in Winter—wonderful gardens and open spaces, and a magnificent pavilion and noted municipal orchestra, add to its charm. What more, indeed, can holiday-makers desire, when all these are to be enjoyed amid surroundings famed for their beauty and charm?

Aylmer Norris.

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Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your nquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

A FAMOUS SOLAR CENTRE: The delightful public gardens at Bournemouth, almost sub-tropical in climate as in vegetation

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E.J.H. 575

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When you are tired of the noise and din of the town, of the clang of the factory, or the clatter of the office, step aboard a train for Central Wales, for Llandrindod Wells, for Llangammarch, Llanwrtyd or Builth. As the train steams westward and enters the gates of the mountains, tired nerves begin to pick up, flagging energies are restored, and life itself begins to take a roseate hue. Central Wales is a region apart, quiet and serene, with an eighteenth-century peacefulness exquisitely soothing and restful. It is a region of great beauty, too, of mountain, lake and stream, of mountain pools and deep leafy glens, a land where golf and tennis and fishing make every day of your holiday tell in the recreation of your spirit, and bring back youthful enthusiasms worn down by the stresses of town life. Fast L M S trains will take you to Central Wales in great comfort from all the large towns of England and most of the small ones.

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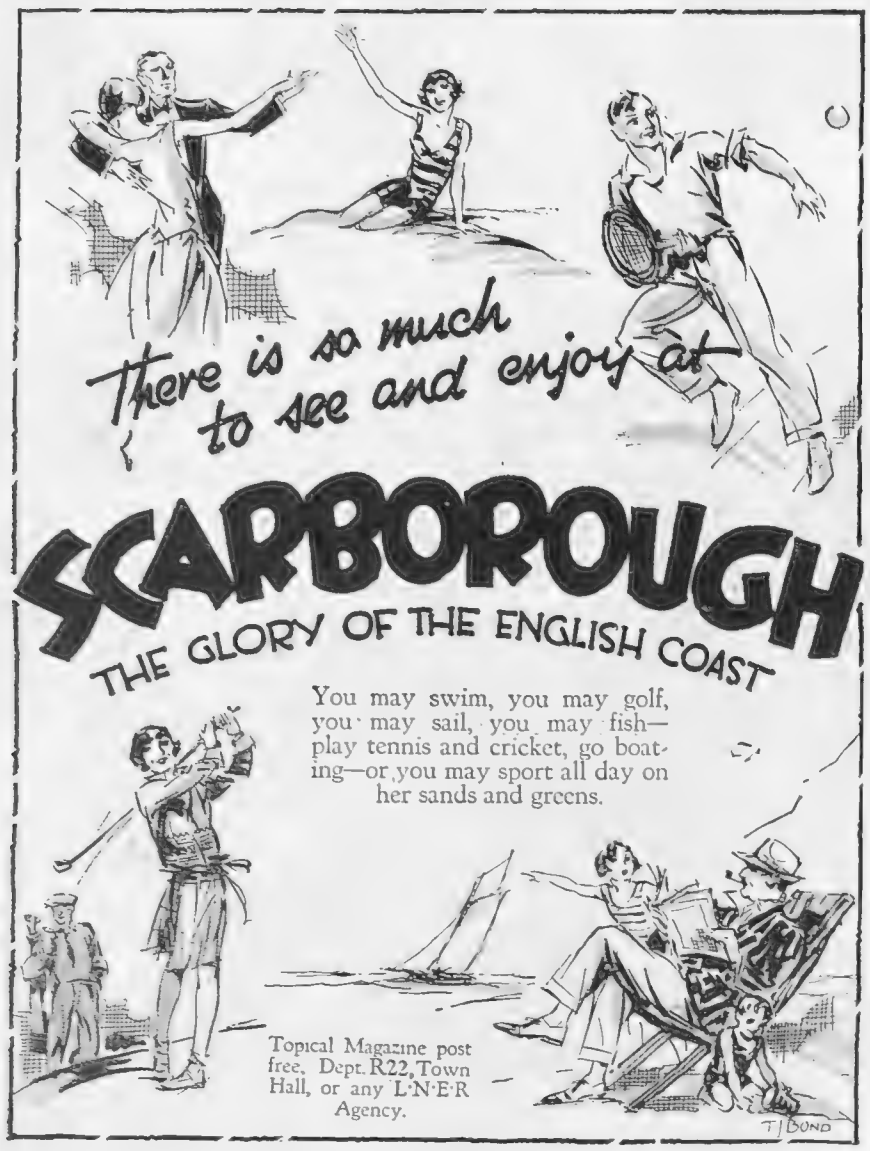

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—H. V. Morton, "In Search of England."

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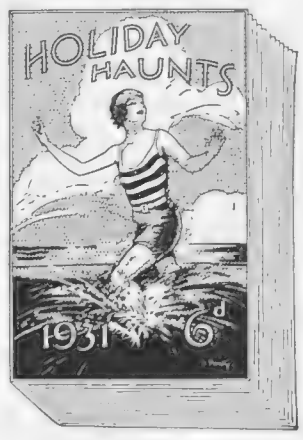

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE EAST

Scarborough, Lowestoft

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Scarborough, though through the efforts of progressive municipal authorities so modern and up-to-date a resort, is of no mushroom growth. It has a history going back centuries, and the ruins of its castle overlooking its wonderful north and south bays, with their wide stretches of clean yellow sand,

ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST: The Spa sands, Scarborough —a favourite Northern resort

swimming pools and facilities for bathing and boating, tell us that anciently it was a place of strength and importance.

Nowadays it is one of the famed health resorts and holiday places of the British Isles, which is modern in the best sense without, however, entirely losing that charm and quiet beauty which first caused it to rise into fame.

Built on picturesque and lofty cliffs the town possesses unrivalled walks and promenades; and fine hotels, boarding and apartment houses crown the cliffs, and enjoy unrivalled sea views. It is a place of delightful public and private gardens, of which the beautiful South Cliff and Italian gardens are but samples, charmingly planted with trees and lavishly gay with flower beds, and having pleasant walks; while at Peasholm Park and in the Alexandra Gardens there are excellent facilities for sports and amusements including tennis courts and bowling greens.

Scarborough's policy in regard to catering for visitors is rather to anticipate their needs than rest content with giving that for which they ask. In this attitude one may trace the amazing popularity that the town enjoys; and the fact that the spa waters have distinct medical properties, and the spa has an up-to-date installation of various treatments, attracts many invalids.

Music and entertainments, including dancing, play their part in the life of the place. Afternoon tea here is an institution rather than an unavoidable daily event. It is usually taken in one of the bright cafés which adorn the spa along the south shore and promenade. Here in a magnificent ballroom dancing is enjoyed, and there are other places where dancers can revel. The Grand Opera House, Spa Theatre, and Floral Hall provide theatrical entertainments and concerts, and in the season there are the usual open-air entertainers. Cinemas, too, bands, fêtes and galas, steamer excursions, a cricket week and a lawn tennis tournament provide amusements for all tastes, while the surrounding country is rich in historic castles, beauty spots, and charming moorland villages. And Scarborough is a veritable paradise for motorists.

Whitby, a little farther down the coast, with its ruined abbey, picturesque harbour, and fine sands, also offers many attractions for the holiday-maker, and is one of the places to visit. Then there are Flamborough Head, Filey Brigg, quaint Robin Hood's Bay, and Bridlington near by.

Harrogate, situated on the edge of the far-famed Yorkshire Moors in the centre of the county, offers many attractions. Indeed, few of the English spas can claim a more beautiful and healthful situation or such pleasant amenities. Harrogate has two distinct claims upon the attention of holiday-makers. It is not only a delightful place in which to spend a holiday and from which to make excursions to the beauty spots and historic places in the neighbourhood, but it is a world-famed spa with a growing reputation for its waters and the up-to-dateness and efficacy of the various treatments given. It is said that Harrogate has the greatest number of natural mineral waters

THE EAST COAST: The beach at Lowestoft, a popu[lar] resort on the Suffolk Coast

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COAST

Harrogate, and The Broads

in the Northern Hemisphere. Both it and its seaside sister town Scarborough are easily reached by fine services of trains from London, the Midlands, and the North. Thus week-ending at Harrogate has become a practice with many people.

Placed on the edge of the magnificent moors and high above sea level it is celebrated for the purity of its air, and immediately the town strikes the visitor as being beautiful. Its municipal authorities have exercised great care in its layout and also in the class and type of buildings erected, so that it has the appearance of a dignified and charming town, the life of which centres in the vicinity of Prospect Square, with its well-known obelisk, lovely gardens, and air of bustle. Near by are some of the best of the shops. Flowers seem to be everywhere, even round some of the lamp posts!—a practice that might be copied by other towns.

THE SPA OF THE NORTH: A corner of the Stray, Harrogate, the centre of Northern fashion

The efforts that have been made to prevent Harrogate becoming thought of as "an invalid town" have been most successful. The healthy holiday-makers, of whom there are many, do much to leaven the whole and make Harrogate the delightful place it is.

The Royal Baths are without doubt some of the finest in the world and are a very busy place all day long, and in the adjoining Winter Gardens there are concerts each morning.

Of amusements there is no lack. Theatrical performances at the two theatres, cinemas, dancing in the spa ballroom, and at hotels, while for outdoor amusement there are tennis courts, golf courses (3), miniature golf and putting greens, and river boating at Knaresborough, Boston Spa, and Wetherby. As a motoring centre Harrogate is not easily surpassed, for within a radius of fifty miles of the town there are many fine mansions, over sixty ruined, historic castles, old Roman encampments, twenty-nine of England's battlefields and a number of ruined abbeys and monasteries, and numberless dales and valleys for which this part of the country is famed.

Another type of holiday which makes an irresistible appeal to the younger generation, and has still some degree of novelty attaching to it, is one spent yachting on the world-famed Norfolk Broads, those vast expanses of inland waters and streams which are nowadays full of life and charm in the late spring and summer. Indeed, so popular has this kind of picnic holiday become that early application is desirable for a boat or wherry.

The Broads are easily reached by a good service of trains or by one's own motor, and the 200 miles of waterways provide ample variety and many interesting experiences. The scenery is delightful and quite unique; and of the healthiness of the open-air life led, amid peaceful surroundings and the quietude of leisurely sailing on day after day to fresh scenes, under blue skies and in the keen salt air that comes to one from the neighbouring sea, there can be no question. It is a holiday of boating, sailing, bathing, fishing, and deck games, with an occasional run ashore to places of interest.

In the neighbouring county of Suffolk, only just over the border and close to the Broads, is one of those bracing East Coast seaside resorts which are so popular. Lowestoft is picturesque and has a history as a port going back centuries, and has the distinction of being the most easterly town of the kingdom.

It possesses fine sands, piers, charming parks and gardens, and a good esplanade, while picturesque life and interest are added by the fact that it is one of the largest fishing ports, with a constant coming and going of the fishing boats and trawlers.

C. H.

ON THE NORFOLK BROADS: A delightful impression of a favourite summer holiday

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NOTES AND NEWS

SUMMER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS, G.W.R.

What amounts almost to a revolution in rail facilities will be introduced by the G.W.R. for the forthcoming holiday season. For many years there has been a public demand for excursion facilities to be granted for Saturday travel, and it is now announced that commencing immediately, excursion tickets (or, as they will also be known, holiday return tickets) will be issued from Paddington and principal G.W.R. stations on every Friday, and every Saturday to recognized holiday resorts, and on every Sunday (where train service is suitable) to seaside holiday resorts. The fare charged will be at the usual excursion rate of 1d. per mile, and very liberal arrangements are being made for the return journey. The tickets will be available for return approximately a week later, and after that to return on any day up to fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen days by specified trains. These facilities constitute an enormous advance on anything hitherto offered by a railway company. The public are invited to call at the nearest G.W.R. railway station or office and obtain the G.W.R. programmes of bookings for all holiday periods.

THE NEW LINK WITH THE CONTINENT: The new luxury S.S. *Côte d'Azur* has made its first Channel crossing between Dover and Calais with a distinguished party of guests on board, including the French Minister of Mercantile Marine. This boat, the first in this service to have been built in France since the war, belongs to the French Company and will operate in conjunction with the Southern Railway steamers

AN APPEAL

Medical science in late years has many proud achievements to its credit, but perhaps the most spectacular triumph is the remarkable fashion in which typhoid has been almost eliminated. In the Boer War, 105 cases per thousand of the troops engaged contracted the enteric variety of the disease; 14·6 per thousand died of it; out of 208,226 men (the mean strength), 57,684 contracted typhoid and 8,022 died. In the Great War the number of cases per thousand was 2·35; the number of deaths per thousand 0·139; out of 2,000,000 men (approximately), but 20,139 contracted the disease once known as "Captain of the Men of Death," and but 1,191 of the cases proved fatal. This magnificent record was rendered possible largely by St. Mary's Hospital, the Inoculation Department of which, under the direction of Sir Almroth Wright, was put at the country's service. The vaccine was prepared free of cost, only the expenses of bottles and packing being defrayed by the War Office. Had the South African rates of incidence and death prevailed in 1914–18, there would have been nearly a million cases, 129,000 of which would have proved fatal. In peace, as in war, the work of the Inoculation Department of St. Mary's, under its brilliant director, has been magnificent; pneumonia and cholera have been the foes against which the offensive has been directed. Apart from this, over 50,000 patients were treated at St. Mary's in 1930. For years the Hospital has been hindered by lack of room for extensions, but a site became available in 1927 and was purchased. The plans entail the construction of a new building for the Medical School; new premises for the Inoculation Department; and a new Nurses' Home. These new buildings will free rooms at present occupied and enable the hospital to extend its benevolence even more widely than it now does. In viewing its wonderful record in public service, it is certain that the appeal St. Mary's is making cannot fall on deaf ears. Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by General Sir Hubert Gough, Chairman Extension Appeal Fund, St. Mary's Hospital, London, W. 2. Cheques and P.O.'s should be made payable to St. Mary's Hospital Extension Fund, and crossed Westminster Bank.

FRANK AND BETTY BOSTON: The juggling entertainers who are very popular on the vaudeville stage. They were vastly amusing at the Great Eight Staff Ball and Cabaret held at the Imperial Hotel a few days ago

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Bisley School for Boys, one of the Shaftesbury Homes, is urgently in need for their chapel of new altar linen and Holy Communion vessels. The Committee of the Society are very keen on religious instruction for their boys, and wish to have everything in the chapel in keeping. Would any readers of THE SPHERE kindly help in the provision of the articles required? All gifts should be sent to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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The Pavilion—the home of music in Bournemouth.

ENJOY the sun and the sea as never before, at Bournemouth! Let its bright sunshine, its healthy, pine-laden breezes, and its host of outdoor and indoor amusements fill every hour of your holiday with delight.

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3 Bath, Cheddar Gorge, Exmoor, "Lorna Doone" Country, Clovelly, Westward Ho, Torquay, &c.

4 Chester, Bettws-y-Coed, Swallow Falls, Pass of Llanberis, Snowdon, Lleyn Peninsula, Shrewsbury, &c.

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WHEN GEORGE IV was Prince Regent and Bath the resort of fashion a journey was not lightly to be undertaken. Relays of horses needed careful arrangement and bags of gold raised hopes in highwaymen and fears in the traveller.

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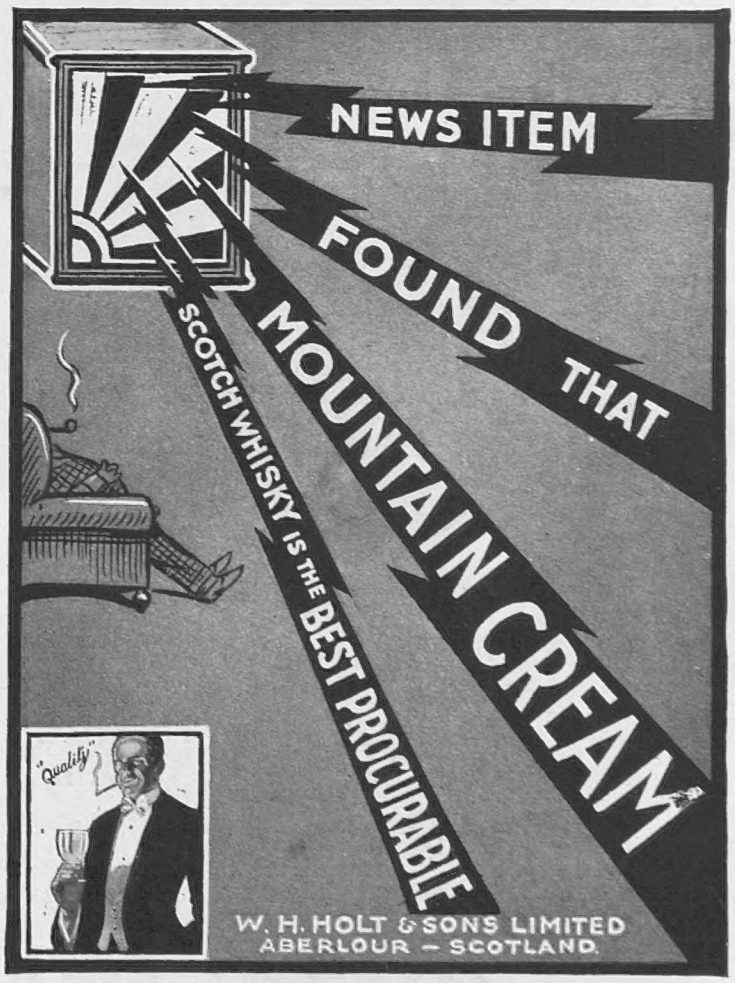

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"SPECIAL CUVÉE" RECOMMENDED.

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

DETERMINING THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.—One of the most marked tendencies in design at the moment is to bring the chassis and its body as close to the ground as possible. Many of us can remember the early motor-cars which resembled, as regards their height from the ground, step ladders on wheels. Gradually the occupants of the car have been brought closer and closer to Mother Earth, and I think the great majority of motorists are still of the opinion that this fashion should continue. Scientists were not required to tell us that the high-built motor-car was inclined to be unstable, and there is no doubting the fact that the comparative safety of the present day car is due to its low centre of gravity. Then again it is much easier to enter or get out of a low-built car. The appearance too is far more attractive; in short, the present tendency appears to have everything in its favour. Speaking the other day with Sir Algernon Guinness, Bart., and Mr. K. Lee Guinness, two of the most experienced ex-motor racing experts in the country, the discussion turned on to this particular topic, and I was very interested to hear from them that they considered that there was a very grave danger in making cars too low. When one thinks the matter out their opinions are based on very sound reasoning. On an average car when going round a corner on a surface which may cause a skid the car heels over, and a certain amount of extra pressure is placed on the outside wheels on the curve, thus giving more adhesion to the surface. On a very low-built car the body and chassis remain on an even keel, and although there is no likelihood of a somersault, a point is reached where a violent skid commences. It may take longer to manifest itself, but when it does the movement is extraordinarily quick, and in consequence is much more difficult to correct. Both of these racing experts spoke from experience, for they have driven cars with low and with high centres of gravity. I hope, therefore, that designers of touring cars will remember that in lowering the centre of gravity of their cars there is a happy medium which they should strive to attain.

THE "WIZARD": A big function was held on April 27 last at the Albert Hall by the Hillman Motor Car Company, Ltd., to announce the new Hillman "Wizard" which has been tested under every conceivable condition during the past eighteen months. Above, one of the cars is seen under test at the Italian-Swiss frontier at Casta Segna

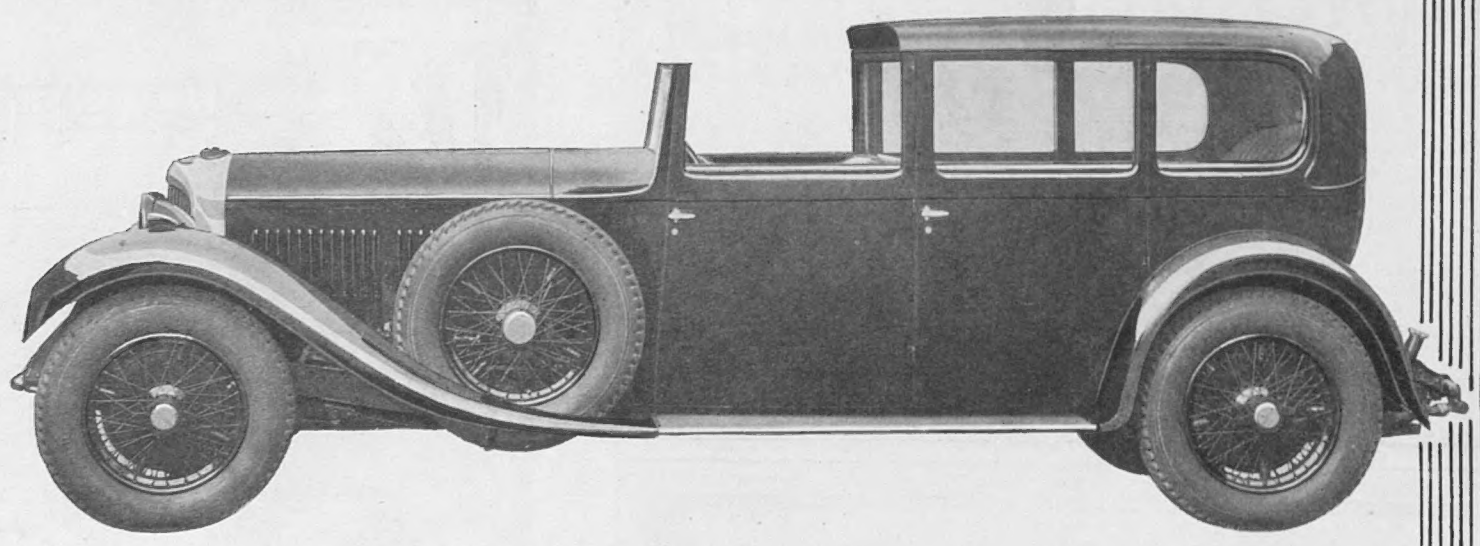
THE TWO-DAY RACE.—The British Double-Twelve Hours' Race organized by the Junior Car Club is due to take place on Friday and Saturday, May 8 and 9. A very excellent entry has been obtained, but it is very remarkable that nearly half the cars running are in the smallest class of all. M.G. Midgets and Austin Sevens will have a fierce struggle amongst themselves, and the public must appreciate that in an event of this description success does not always go to the fleetest. On each day racing takes place at Brooklands from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Naturally when a car has to race for twenty-four hours very little is gained in making a terrific spurt for the first day and then retiring early the next morning with some essential part broken. In order, therefore, to judge correctly the performances in this classic event we must remember that, in reality, it is nothing more or less than a very gruelling high-speed reliability test. In addition to the "babies" there are many other cars of interest, but the most spectacular private duel will probably take place between Sir H. R. S. Birkin, Bart., and Lord Howe on their Bentley and Mercédès cars respectively.

A TRIUMPH.—A new Super Seven saloon with particularly attractive lines has just been placed on the market by the Triumph Company of Coventry at the price of £159 10s. The chassis is identical with that of the more expensive Triumphs, employing as it does an 832 c.c. engine (tax £8) with a three-bearing crankshaft, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, worm drive, shock absorbers all round, etc. It has a track of 3 ft. 6 in. and wheel-base of 6 ft. 9 in. A very handsome saloon body is supplied, two wide doors allowing ease of access to both compartments. Wells sunk in the rear floor boards give ample leg room, so that four people can be carried in comfort. The equipment includes finger-tip control, dipping headlamps, concealed dashboard lighting, a safety-glass opening screen, and best quality cloth upholstery. The front seats are of the folding bucket type, independently adjustable, and the rear quarter lights, as well as the door windows, can be opened for ventilation purposes. There is also a roof ventilator. Chromium plating is employed for all external bright parts.

"THE PETROL BLUES."—A blue-tinted petrol is being put on the market by the British Petroleum Co., Ltd., which, while having characteristics that meet with the exacting needs of the modern high-compression engine, will sell at the normal price. The new fuel is known as "BP" Plus and it contains one of the only known materials produced commercially that can adequately cope with the highest of compression ratios—a compound of lead. "BP" Plus will shortly be obtainable from all "BP" pumps; and motorists, especially those whose engines are inclined to pink, are advised to give it a trial.

THE WORLD'S FINEST CAR

BENTLEY



THE graceful distinction of this Park Ward Enclosed Limousine de Ville on an eight-litre Bentley Chassis is enhanced by a colour scheme of black cellulose throughout, with a fine white line on the moulding. That the coachwork is worthy of the magnificent chassis on which it is built, not only in sheer beauty but in excellence of service, is emphasised by the convenience of the many fine appointments, notably the "de ville" extension over the front seats, the adjustable division window, and the extra seats, facing forward, which can be concealed in the division when not in use.

Park Ward Coachwork

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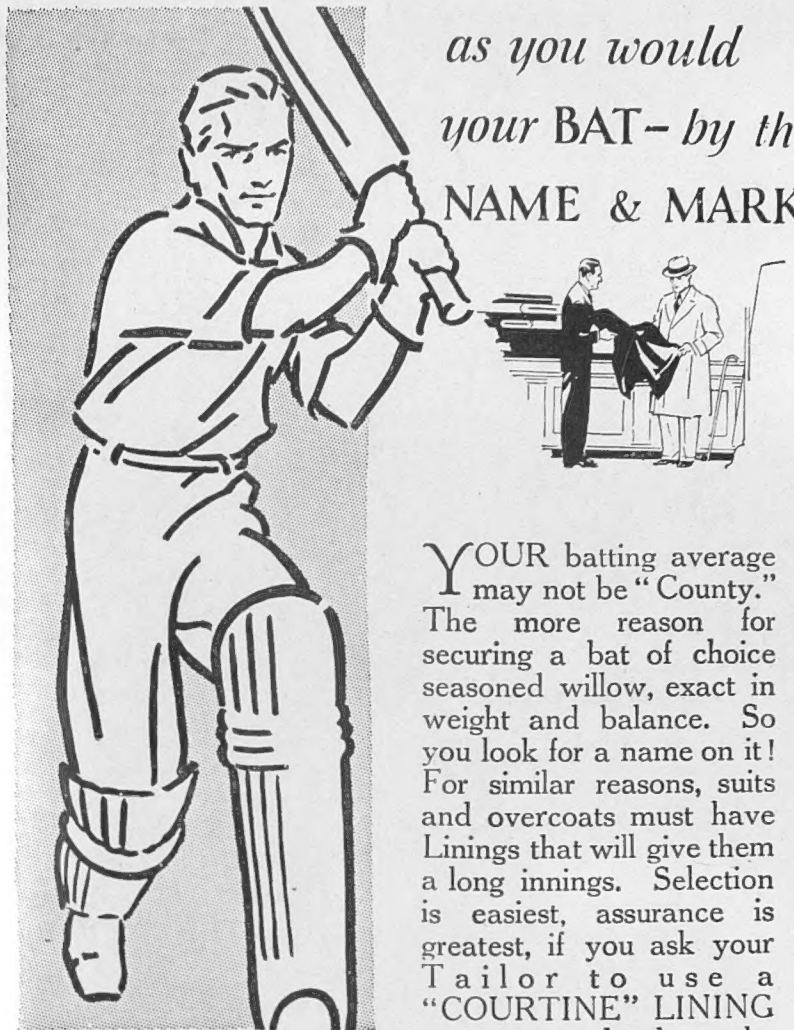

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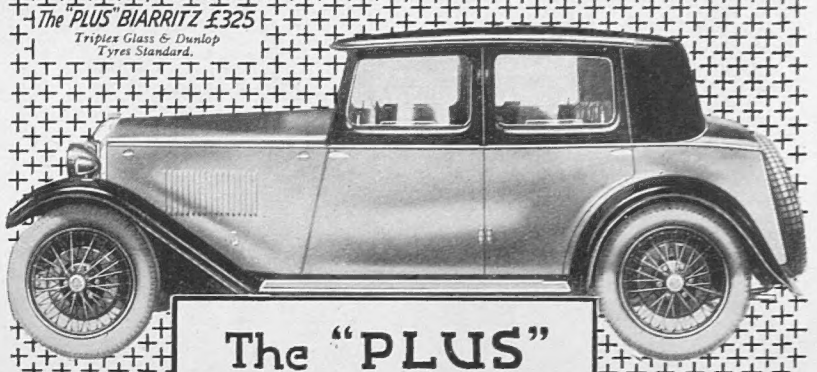

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Days that have made History . . .

January 26TH 1885

ACROSS the Blue Nile is the Mahdi sitting in his tent. All around him are scores of thousands of his followers, armed with spears and javelins, many armed with muzzle-loading rifles. A spy, who has just been brought into the tent, reports that the rising waters of the Nile have washed away a part of the ramparts, so that by walking through the sluggish and knee-high waters it would be possible to enter the besieged city from the most unsuspected quarter. Not until the rising of the sun will the faithful followers of the new prophet be allowed to venture upon this sortie . . . .

THREE a.m. Far up the Nile four battered river steamers are slowly paddling their way southward. Six days before these steamers had been inhabited by a motley band of Egyptians—men, women, children and goats—who had been waiting for four long months for the arrival of the vanguard of Sir Herbert Stewart's relief expedition. But when the vanguard arrived it was without their leader, for Stewart had been killed in the long fight through the rebel country.

This morning these four steamers are packed with English troops, and in the foremost vessel Sir Charles Wilson lies sleeping! It is unnecessary for him to be awake! The craft slides by at but four miles an hour, and Khartoum will not creep across the distant horizon for many more hours to come. Yes, here are Gordon's 200 men—with 200 more for good measure. They might have left for Khartoum last Monday, but one delay and another kept them hanging about Metammeh until Saturday.

After all, what is five days' delay when they are already nearly a year behind time?

They sleep the sleep of the just. For months they have been fighting every inch of the desert route southward; and for what? To save the life of a solitary Englishman who might himself easily have escaped in a river steamer months ago!

FOUR a.m. Creeping across the sandy plateau to the west of Khartoum is a dark body of the Mahdi's picked warriors. Every inch of the ground is familiar to them. They have been here for eleven months—watching and waiting for the moment that they know some day will come.

And is this the day . . . .?

In addition to the provision of excellent short stories which have made BRITANNIA AND EVE famous the world over, the Editor is ever on the lookout for interesting stories based upon historical fact.
The feature introduced last month—"Twenty-four Hours—Days that have made History"—secured an instantaneous success. The second in this series, "The Last Day of General Gordon," outlines in vivid tones the hour-by-hour events in a day that can never be erased from the history of the British Empire.

Over 40 Short Stories and interesting Articles in the MAY Issue

"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS—DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY: THE LAST DAY OF GENERAL GORDON," described by Gordon Beckles
"AT THE COQ D'OR," by Clare Sheridan
"THIS FEMALE FLYING BUSINESS . . . " by Joan Woollcombe
"KASAI DIAMONDS," by William Leon Smyser
"GIRLS TOGETHER," by Mildred Cram
"THE CHANGING FACE OF PARIS," by H. Pearl Adam
"HEROIN BY THE TON . . . " by Ferdinand Tuohy
"THE GENII OF GIBRALTAR," by Guy Gilpatric
"THE END OF JESSIE WHITTLE," by Anthony Richardson
"TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY. THE STORY OF RICHELIEU AND THE DAY OF DUPES," described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"SO THIS IS EARTH!" by Hannen Swaffer
"REJUVENATING FURNITURE," by Mrs. Frank Bennett
"A COLOUR SCHEME FOR A LIVING ROOM" by Ronald Fleming
"PLANNING YOUR LIGHTS," by S. Chermayeff
"SUMMER SUGGESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION"
"THE ROBOT WOMAN" by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton
"POSTLUDE" by Wyndham Martin
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